THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Volume 172, No. 20 — Philadelphia, November 11, 1899 — 5 Cents the Copy; $2.50 the Year

Copyright, 1899, by The Curtis Publishing Company

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 421 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

BLAINE'S FIGHT *for* the Presidency

By Colonel A. K. McCLURE

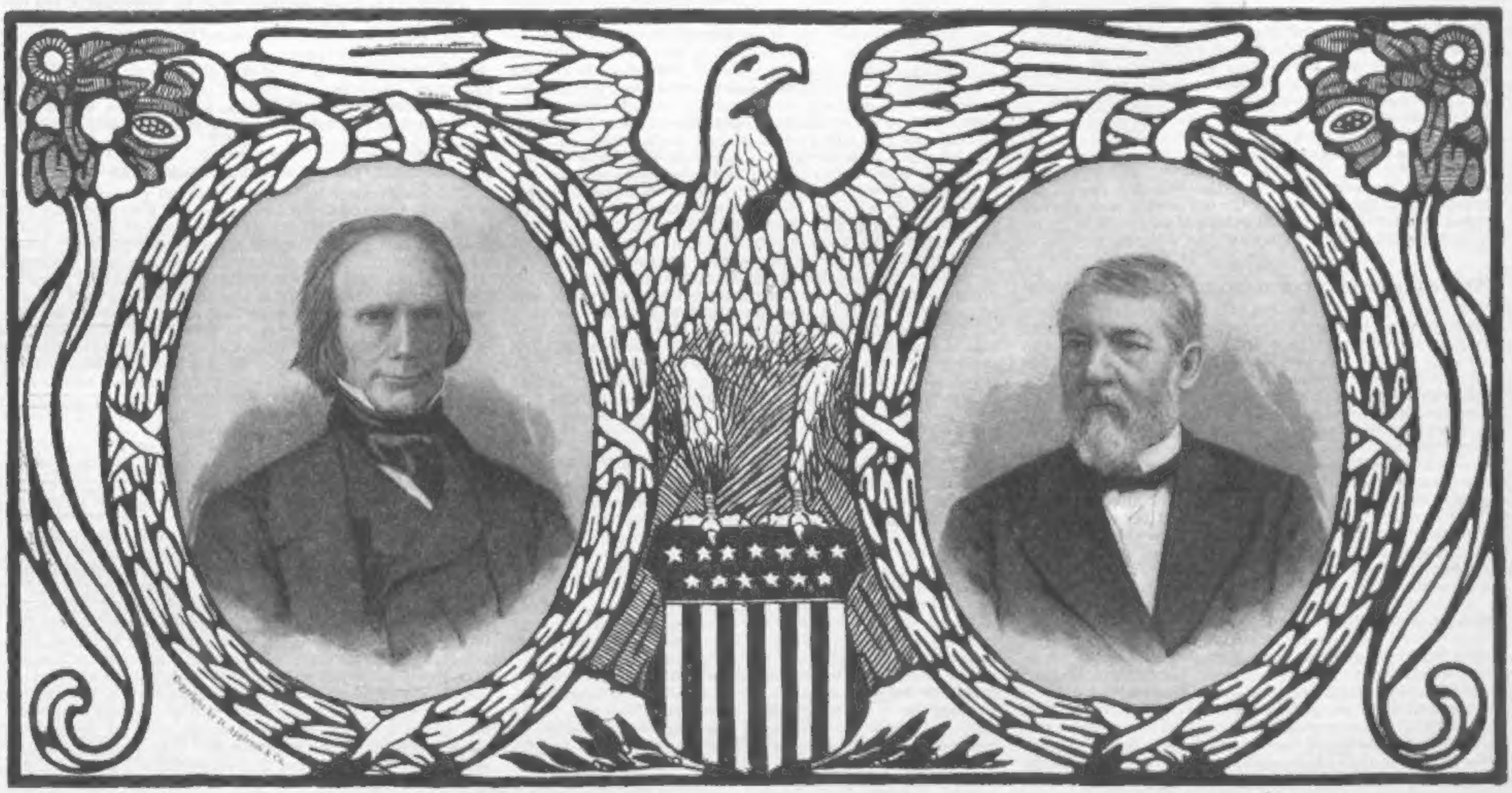
YOU can't crush Olympus in a nutshell, and if a dozen of the most intelligent and accomplished political writers of the country were each to write the story of the life of Blaine there would still be many important features of his remarkable history left untold. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST's articles from the brilliant and pungent pen of ex-Senator John J. Ingalls, telling the story of Blaine's life tragedy, present nothing that calls for controversy, but Mr. Ingalls left some important attributes of Blaine's character practically untouched. My brief contribution to the tragedy of Blaine's life is simply supplemental to the very interesting chapters given by him.

Mr. Blaine was the Henry Clay of the Republican party, equally idolized and equally fêted, but I do not regard their exceptional hold upon the sympathies and affections of the people as wholly indefinable. Clay was as imperious as Cæsar, and he was always worshiped at a distance. He lived in an age when there was but little communication between the people of the country, and when the heroes of the nation, alike in field and forum, stood like grand statues on high pinnacles where they exhibited the most perfect symmetry of form and beauty.

In Blaine's day the people were face to face with their heroes; saw them in all their imperfections, and, unlike the statues designed for the pinnacles to fashion them into perfection of form by distance, they stood before the multitude in open day.

Had Blaine lived in Clay's time he would not have been idolized as Clay. Had Clay lived in Blaine's time he would not have been idolized as Blaine. Not one in tens of thousands of those who worshiped Clay had ever seen him, while Blaine was personally known from Eastern to Western sea. Both possessed the very rare quality of personal magnetism to an extent unequaled by any of their distinguished associates.

Clay was courtly and dignified and always fascinating.



Blaine was whole-souled, with his heart upon his sleeve, and he never grasped a hand whose name was forgotten.

MR. BLAINE'S PERSONAL MAGNETISM

With an intimate knowledge of the public men of the last half century that is uncommon, I regard Blaine as the most magnetic man I have ever met. His greeting to friend and stranger was always generous, without gush, and at once brought all who had any communication with him into apparently the closest relations. He remembered names of the humblest and most distant of his acquaintances; always knew something of their communities and their interests. It was not uncommon for his arm to fall affectionately upon the shoulders of those with whom he was conversing, bringing them within the closest circle of his affections. It was not the art of a demagogue, but the natural impulse of a big-hearted, big-brained enthusiast, and Blaine was an enthusiast in everything that enlisted his interest. When in addition to these charming personal qualities he possessed every attribute of a great popular orator, it is not difficult to understand why Blaine became the favorite of the people. Like all who have reached any measure of distinction in that line, he had bitter and malignant foes, and he could well have said of himself, as Clay once did when overcome by an exhibition of the generosity of his friends, who had paid a note that greatly embarrassed him: "Never had man such friends and such enemies as Henry Clay." The chief difference between Clay and Blaine was in the fact that the masses did not know Clay from personal contact, while the masses well knew Blaine, and saw him as he was in his every-day life as well as in his great achievements in politics and statesmanship. In another respect Blaine differed widely from Clay. Blaine was a fatalist, and from 1876, when he was first defeated for the Republican nomination for President in Cincinnati, until his name was last presented to the Republican National Convention in 1892, he was oppressed, profoundly oppressed, with the belief that he never could be President; while Clay hoped to realize the great dream of his life, and confidently expected his election to the Presidency until his final defeat in the Philadelphia convention of 1848.

PHOTO BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILA.

COLONEL A. K. McCLURE

I saw Blaine soon after the Cincinnati convention of 1876, and talked with him for an hour alone at the Continental Hotel, and I well remember the sad expression of his strong face when he said: "I am the Henry Clay of the Republican party; I can never be President." He was standing by a window looking out upon the street, with his arm over my shoulder, and he spoke of his hopes and fears with a subdued eloquence that was painfully impressive. He was again defeated for nomination in 1880, thus suffering two defeats when the candidates chosen by the convention were elected. He was nominated in 1884 and defeated, thus completing the circle of the sad history of Clay and the Whig party.

THE SIMILARITY BETWEEN BLAINE'S DEFEAT AND CLAY'S

Clay was defeated in the Harrisburg convention of December, 1839, by Harrison, who was elected; he was nominated by the Baltimore convention in 1844, and defeated by Polk; and in 1848 he was again defeated for the nomination in the Philadelphia convention by Taylor, who was elected. Thus both Clay and Blaine were twice defeated in their respective party conventions when their successful competitors were elected, and both nominated when their parties suffered defeats. Soon after Blaine's nomination, in 1884, I sent a brilliant staff correspondent of my paper, who had intimate personal relations with Blaine, to stay with him at Augusta for several weeks. One pleasant afternoon they walked along the banks of the Penobscot River when Blaine insensibly diverted the conversation into a soliloquy. He said: "Clay was defeated in two conventions when he could have been elected President, and he was nominated for President when his competitor was elected, and that competitor was one who had not been publicly discussed as a Presidential candidate before the meeting of the Baltimore convention of 1844. I was defeated in two conventions when I could have been elected. I am nominated now with a competitor alike obscure with the competitor of Clay." He then brought the soliloquy to a climax by holding up his hand and repeating what he seemed to regard as talismanic figures, "1844-1884." Clay was defeated in 1844, and Blaine was impressed with the belief that he would suffer defeat in 1884.

No man was ever big enough to conduct a Presidential contest for himself. The intense interest a candidate must have in the struggle, and the constant strain upon him, would unbalance the most forceful intellect the world has ever produced. Blaine would have been matchless in the skillful management of a Presidential campaign for another, but he was dwarfed by the overwhelming responsibilities of conducting the campaign for himself, and yet he assumed the supreme control of the struggle and directed it absolutely from start to finish. He was of heroic mould, and he wisely planned his own campaign tours to accomplish the best results. In point of fact, he had won his fight after stumping the country, and lost it by his stay in New York on his way home. He knew how to sway multitudes, and none could approach him in that important feature of a conflict; but he was not trained to consider the thousand intricacies which fall upon the management of every Presidential contest.

Three causes combined to lose New York by 1100 majority when the electoral vote of that State would have made him President. One was his implacable quarrel with Conkling that lost him 1000 votes cast directly for his opponent in Conkling's county of Oneida. They had quarreled when both were comparatively young and rivals for the leadership of the House. In a heated controversy between them Blaine unhorsed Conkling and inflicted wounds which never healed, and they never spoke from that time during their lives. When both were members of the Senate, if either had occasion to refer to the remarks made by the other, instead of referring to the "Senator from Maine" or the "Senator from New York," they would say: "It has been stated on this floor." Many efforts were made to bring them together, but Conkling was an intense hater, and Blaine was willing to be broken rather than bend. He dined with Jay Gould during his brief stay in New York City, and that brought him no votes and lost him many.

THE BURCHARD BLUNDER

But the tragic episode of the campaign was the Burchard blundering deliverance against "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." The employment of Burchard was an accident. The late Rev. Dr. Tiffany, a Methodist minister of great eloquence and political skill as well, was expected to deliver the address to Blaine, but some denominational bitterness was exhibited, and, as there were but a few minutes in which to harmonize differences, it was finally proposed that the oldest minister present should deliver the address to Blaine, and he was Doctor Burchard.

In a conversation with Blaine some time after the election I asked him how it happened that he overlooked the offensive expression, as he made no reference to it in his reply. He was one of the most skillful disputants the country ever produced, and if he had given a thought to the Burchard blunder he could have turned it to good account in a delicate way. He said in reply that he heard the expression, but that he was just then intently concentrating his thoughts to formulate his reply, and the importance of Burchard's expression escaped his attention. A change of 600 votes in New York State would have made Blaine President, and there is little doubt that any one of the three causes I have named lost him more than that number of votes. Had he been under the command of a competent Chairman of his National Committee he would never have been permitted to stop in New York after his great battle had been fought before the people, and had he gone directly from the West to his home in Maine he would have been President, instead of Cleveland.

Blaine and Tilden are the only men I can recall who undertook to manage a Presidential contest for themselves, and both suffered defeats for which they were wholly responsible.

HOW THE CAMPAIGN SCANDALS WERE DEALT WITH

Blaine committed many serious blunders during the campaign of 1884. He and Cleveland were both made the targets of flagrant scandals, and when the Cleveland scandal was sent to Blaine in the early part of the contest, instead of peremptorily forbidding its use as a campaign factor, as would have been most wise, he sent it to his National Committee and it was given publicity. The Blaine scandal was sent to Cleveland early in the fight, and he at once gave notice to those in charge of his campaign that any personal scandals against Blaine should not have the sanction of the Democratic organization. Blaine never would have committed such a mistake if he had been managing a Presidential campaign for another, and had he been such a responsible manager he never would have permitted a libel suit to be instituted against a newspaper publisher for any scandal, however false and malignant. He was a man of intense earnestness, and the intensity of his interest in his own election for the Presidency unbalanced his judgment and made him often the creature of impulse when he should have been most dispassionate and philosophical. The scandals did not affect a thousand votes out of the many millions cast for President, and Blaine suffered vastly more than Cleveland because he dignified the scandal against himself by legal proceedings for defamation. The fact that he voluntarily discontinued the suit after the election is the best evidence of the error committed against himself.

Blaine's defeat by the Cincinnati convention in 1876 was not wholly or chiefly the result of the attack of vertigo.

The first reports of his illness were greatly exaggerated, and his friends at the convention were much disconcerted and discouraged, but when on Monday morning he telegraphed them himself that his illness was not serious all were again thoroughly united to force his nomination. The friends of Blaine had a majority of the convention. There was not an hour during the sessions of that body that a majority of the delegates did not desire to nominate him for President, but many were held by instructions or other complications, as was the entire Pennsylvania delegation, made up almost wholly of Blaine men, but instructed for Governor Hartranft. Strange as it may seem, he received the votes of a majority of all the delegates in the convention, but not on any one ballot, and never was the wish of a nominating body so artfully misled from its intent.

EX-SENATOR CAMERON'S HAND IN THE CONVENTION

The speech of Ingersoll nominating Blaine was the most powerful and impressive I ever heard before a deliberative body, and had a ballot been reached on that day no combination could have prevented Blaine's success. The struggle was desperate for delay, and the opponents of Blaine, fearing that the session might be extended into the evening and thus reach a ballot without adjournment, had the gas clandestinely cut off from the building, and an adjournment was enforced by darkness. The enemies of Blaine were very powerful. President Grant was one of the most aggressive and vindictive, and ex-Senator Cameron, who was then Secretary of War, was Chairman of the Pennsylvania delegation and pitiless and tireless in his opposition to Blaine.

At nearly midnight before the second day of the convention Cameron had decided that he must give up the battle against Blaine and assent to his nomination, as his delegation had become very refractory, and all knew that Blaine could be nominated whenever all who desired his nomination were free to vote for him. His defeat was planned in and executed from Cameron's room, who had his trusted lieutenants about him, including the late Robert W. Mackay, who was the most accomplished and practical politician of his day in Pennsylvania, and the late William H. Kemble. It was decided to propose to the Pennsylvania delegation that as they were instructed for Hartranft and to vote as a unit they should do so only while Hartranft's vote increased, and that whenever he dropped in the race the delegation should then vote as a unit as the majority directed. This was enthusiastically accepted by the friends of Blaine, as they believed that Hartranft's strength would soon be exhausted, and that then they would get a solid vote for Blaine; but Mackay and Kemble, who understood how to manage politicians of every grade, including the carpet-baggers and colored political speculators from the South, arranged with a number of delegations, chiefly in the Southern States, to have Hartranft's vote increase slightly on every ballot.

Instead of starting Hartranft with an exhibition of his full strength, part of it was held back, and, to the consternation of the Blaine men from this State, Hartranft's vote steadily increased until the climax came in the landslide to Governor Hayes, of Ohio, as a compromise candidate. But for Secretary Cameron and State Treasurer Mackay and ex-State Treasurer Kemble, Blaine's nomination would have been absolutely certain at the Cincinnati convention in 1876.

THE BITTERNESS BETWEEN BLAINE AND GRANT

Blaine's greatest battle in a national convention was in 1880, when he and Grant locked horns in a struggle to which each contributed a full share of personal bitterness. Blaine could defeat Grant but could not nominate himself. Grant could defeat Blaine but had to fall with him, and the struggle that lasted for many days exhibited the utmost desperation on both sides. Blaine's disappointment was greatly tempered by the fact that he had made Grant for the first time drink from the bitter cup of defeat, and he entered into the contest without exhibiting a trace of dissatisfaction with the action of the convention. In 1884 he had an easy victory, although opposed by all the power of the Arthur Administration; but he won his victory in the convention only to be the first Republican candidate for President who suffered defeat for nearly a quarter of a century.

Blaine's nomination was possible in 1888 when Harrison was made the candidate, but after hesitating for three days, during which time he freely conferred by cable with his friends, as he was then in Europe, he finally decided to decline.

His belief that he was fated not to be President was not weakened by advancing age, and his final assent to the use of his name in 1892, at the Minneapolis convention that renominated Harrison, was the first exhibition of decay in one who had been a giant among the giants in the most eventful history of the Republic. He had been a possibly successful candidate in four national conventions; had once been nominated and defeated, and it was a sad spectacle to see him, like a great oak with its green boughs broken and its heart corroding from the storms of many winters, broken in a tempest of political resentments and in a struggle that had not so much as a silver lining to the cloud of despair that hung over him. His nomination was hopeless; his defeat, if nominated, inevitable, and thus ended the life tragedy of one of the ablest, bravest and most beloved of our public men.

"OUR ANCHEL"

By John Luther Long

I DON' know for *why* t'e women took such a interes' in t'e war. Pennsylfany women don' bot'er much 'bout t'ings outside t'e house. Mebby it wass becauss t'ey lifed on t'e Border where it wass all t'e time so much red-hot talk. Of course it wass lots of women t'at had no opinion one way or t'e ot'er, an' didn't keer for none—chust went t'e way t'e men-folks of t'e fam'ly did. But Daisy had an opinion of her own from t'e start. Eferybody expected her to be a rebel, account all her folks lifed down in Dixie. An' she didn't disapp'int 'em. All t'e ot'er girls in town wass Union, an' when t'ey found out t'at Daisy wass a rebel t'ey called her Copperhead an' stopped go'n' wit' her.

Daisy didn't mind it much. All she ast wass t'at Harold an' me should stick to her—she didn't keer for t'e res'. Well, it didn't take much persuadin' for t'at. Anyhow, I expec' it wass more jealousy 'an patriotism wit' t'e ot'er girls, for Daisy wass enough sight pootier 'an any of 'em—yes, all of 'em toget'er! An' beaus wass skerce on t'e Border in 1862. But it made Daisy a little sorry when it got so bad t'at t'ey wouldn't speak to her on t'e street no more—you could see t'at—for she wass friendly wit' eferybody, an' so she said t'at Hal an' me must like her all t'e more to make up for t'e res'. An' it didn't require much persuadin' for *t'at*, neit'er. She wass one of 'em girls t'at a feller ken nefer like too much. Not only on account her beauty, but also her nice, affectionate an' lifely ways.

Of course it's some t'at don' like such yeller hair an' blue eyess, an' white teeth showin' all t'e time—account she wass nearly alwayss laughin'. But Hal an' me liked it an' no mistake. I guess she knowed it, too.

But when t'e war kem on, an' her Sout'ern relations got go'n' in an' gittin' killed, she didn't show her teeth so much no more, an' got a kind of a sad look on her face.

Hal an' me chust kep' on courtin' her, not knowin' which wass t'e bes' man—an' afrait to find out. Daisy t'ought it wass account of bein' sorry for one anot'er. It wass becauss we wass afrait of one anot'er. Yes, we'd go toget'er an' leafe toget'er, an' watch one anot'er like cats, an' I don' beliefe Daisy knowed herself which she liked bes'. I got to acknowledge t'at Hal wass t'e bes' lookin' an' had t'e bes' manners, an' wass a Copperhead—yit—which suited Daisy bes' of all. But I had knowed her t'e longes', an' had t'e start of Hal a little. Yit if I'd 'a' been Daisy I'd 'a' liked Hal bes', an' I nefer blamed her for do'n' it—if she did. *I* liked him better 'an any one I efer knowed! A fact, I did. He wass one t'em proud, quiet, gentlemanly kind-a fellers with black hair an' eyess. Me—I wass chust a rough, Dutch towhead. Lots of 'em 'bout. Yit—I don' like to say it—I t'ought Daisy would 'a' liked me bes' if I'd been a Copperhead. An', be goshens! I wass so deep in lofe with her t'at I'd 'a' turned my coat in no time—if she'd 'a' let me.

"Bob," she says oncet while I wass carryin' her acrosst a crick, "I wisht *you* wass a Copperhead."

"Why?" I ast her.

"Oh, account I like you so much now. I'd like to like you more."

"I'd do a good bit to be liked a little more by you, Daisy," I says.

"Would you r'ally?" she ast.

"Yes," I says. "To-morrow you'll see me with a Copperhead breas'pin. I'll turn my coat to-night—soon as it gits dark."

"For me?" she ast.

"Yes, for you," I says, t'inkin' t'at would please her.

"I'd hate you t'en," she says, hard as iron. "Let me down."

"Hate me?" I says, kind-a dizzy.

"Yes—*hate* you! Hal ain't t'at kind a Copperhead. He beliefes in it."

"Daisy——" I begun to say.

"Let me down!" she says, twistin' out of my arms, turnin' her back on me, an' splashin' out of t'e crick.

I didn't see her for 'bout a week. She kep' out of my way. An' Hal, he looked kind-a sheepish, too. An' then when I did see her she wass go'n' to pass me wit'out a word. I chust naturally stopped her.

"Daisy, I don' beliefe in it, an' I ain't a go'n' to be no Copperhead. But I beliefe in you. For why you turn your back on me——"

"Yes, yes," she says, kind-a sorrowful. "No matter what you air we shill alwayss be good friends."

It was somethin' funny to hear in her voice.

"Friends?" says I.

"Friends," says she, with her head hangin'. "But, oh, such good friends, such *good* friends, *dear* Bob!"

"Yes," I says; "I understant, I expec'."

"Yes," she says, uneasy.

"T'at's why you didn't want me for no Copperhead, hah? You got one an' had no use for anot'er."

"No," she says; "it hadn't taken place t'en."

"Taken place?" I says. "What you mean?"

"I t'ought you knowed. You said you understood," she says, gittin' pale as t'e moon.

I ketched her by t'e arm—so rough t'at I seen her face show t'e pain.

"Look a yere," I says, "you don' mean to tell me t'at you're *ingaged* wit' him—an'—an'—nefer tole me?"

She chust hung her head.

"Well—yereafter," I went on, "I want both you an' Hal to understant t'at it's no quarter with me. I been fair an' square all along, but you stabbed me in t'e back, bot' of you. Yes! An' when my turn comes I'll do some of t'at myself."

She ketched me by t'e arm before I could git away.

"Bob—Bob——" T'at wass all she could say. But I seen her heart thumpin'—an' it wass all over with me oncet more. She saw t'at, too.

"Hal *iss*—square—but I—I ain't," she says. "Blame me. I ast him to ast me—t'e day you made me so mad. He didn't want to. He said he ought to tell you first. But I made him. Bob, I'm sorry—sorry—you—made me mad t'at—day."

She begun to cry a little.

"Nefer mind," says I; "next to me he's t'e bes' feller in t'e whole world."

"Yes," she says.

T'en I laughed—not a funny laugh, I ken tell you.

"I expec' you chust foolin' now."

"Excuse me, I'm out of it," says I. "Good-by."

"Bob," she says, ketchin' holt my arm, "you not mad at me?"

"No," says I. "I ought 'a' knowed how it wass go'n' to go. I'm nobody; I got no feelin's!"

"Bob, if we *should* git married sometime—oh, long after this—you won't stay away from me, will you?"

"Let's talk 'bout somethin' else," says I. "You astin' me to haf' fun at my own funerel."

"Yes," she says, an' walks away with her han'kercher to her eyess.

I kep' away from bot' 'em for a little. You know how t'ings wears off after a while, but t'at wass hard work. An' soon it look pooty much as before. Bot' of us hangin' round Daisy ag'in—only with me it wass different now. I wass reckless, an' had a grudge ag'inst Hal t'at I couldn't git shut *of*.

"Say, why don' you fellers go an' fight?" Daisy says one day. "I'm tired of this."

"All right," says I; "come along, Hal."

But she looked frightened t'en, an' I seen t'at she wass sorry she'd said t'at.

"I didn't mean each ot'er," she says.

"Oh!" says I.

"I'fe been t'inkin' 'bout it," says Hal kind-a ser'ous. "I'll go wit' you, Bob."

I could see Daisy trimble.

"Well, you ken chust stop t'inkin' 'bout it, Hal," says I. "Daisy didn't mean *you*—chust me, an' I ain't go'n', an' you got a better job."

"What's t'at?" Hal ast.

"Makin' lofe to a girl I'm acquainted of."

"Oh!" says Hal, with a nice smile to Daisy. Hal wassn't so quick to see a joke as most people.

"If you go I'll take your job. You got fair warnin'," I says.

"You'll *nefer* git Hal's job!" says Daisy.

"You too bloodthirsty for me. Talk to Hal. He'll do whatefer you ast him to," says I.

"Eferyman in Maryland"—t'at's where Daisy come from—"t'at ken carry a gun is out fightin', t'ey say, an' I'm chust a-keepin' you two yere to—to——"

"To what?" I ast her. "Out with it!"

She laughed an' slapped me. "Chust to have you bot'—*'bout*." She laughed ag'in.

"Oh," says I, "is t'at all? I expected somet'in'——"

"T'e Brenizer girls says you're bot' afrait—or I'm afrait—or somebody's afrait——"

"Well, you ken tell 'em for me, t'at t'ey're right. I ain't anxious to git shot full of holes an' haf t'e wind blowin' t'rough an' t'rough me when cold weat'er comes—nossir. Hal, why don' you git up an' go, an' git yourself wentilated?"

Hal chust smiled an' said not'in'.

On t'e way home I says:

"Hal, you got to go. She says so, an' she owns you—so git along."

"Daisy's right," says Hal. "We got to go."

"*We?* Like t'e defil!" says I. "Daisy don' own *me*—not by a long shot."

"Well," says Hal, "I'm go'n'."

"Well," I says, "go an' be durned to you—if you *got* to be a fool—for a woman. She'll forgit you in a mont'."

"It's my duty," says he.

"Who to? Jeff Davis?"

"Daisy."

I chust laughed.

"How do you make t'at out?" I ast him.

"People's talkin' 'bout her."

"I know. But what differ does t'at make?" says I.

"Mebby you don' know what it iss?"

"T'at she's a Copperhead? It's chust wit' her mout'."

"Iss t'at all you'fe heerd?" ast Hal.

"Yes," I says; "an' she don' keer, an' I don' keer, an' you don' *need* to keer. She's your'n. But I expec' you will act—account her—like any ot'er fool."

"It's somet'in' else," says Hal. "T'ey don' say it to you, I expec'."

"Well," I says, "what iss it? Try an' not behafe like a fool, if you air one."

We walked on a while, an' t'en he kem up clost to my ear an' kind-a whispered—like he wass afraid to talk out loud:

"T'ey say t'at *she's* afrait to send one of us onless she sends us bot'."

"For why?" I ast him—not understandin'.

"Don' you see?"

"No, I don'," says I.

"She don' know which of us she likes bes', t'ey say, an' she's afrait to be lef' alone wit' t'e ot'er one for fear——"

I laughed out loud.

"But you're ingaged to her!" says I.

"Yes," says Hal, kind-a sheepish; then: "T'ey also say t'at we're afrait—of—each ot'er."

I didn' say a word—chust kep' on laughin' to myself.

We walked on yit furt'er, an' then Hal says:

"Bob, you go'n'?"

I laughed out loud ag'in.

"Well, I guess not—*now*," says I. "I'm a go'n' to stay right yere an' show 'em t'at she ain't afrait of me an' t'at I ain't afrait of you."

I stopped to laugh ag'in.

"*Nossir!* I'm a go'n' to stay right yere an' show 'em—efery man, woman an' child—t'at it——"

"*Ain't* I so?" ast Hal, kind-a breathless.

"T'at it's *so*," says I, still laughin'.

"All right," says Hal, sorrowful.

"Say, why don' you fellers go an' fight?" Daisy says one day

We walked on ag'in an' I begun to feel a little mean.

"Hal," I says, "you better stay at home an' protec' you' property."

"No," he says, "I'm go'n'."

"Oh, well, if you will——" says I. "On which side?"

He wass kind-a lookin' ahead an' I had to repeat it.

"Daisy's side," says he.

"I'm talkin' 'bout—war!" I yells, "not lofe!"

"Oh," says he, ashamed; "Confederate."

"U-hu," I says; "I'm sorry."

"Nefer mind t'at," says Hal.

"Say—if you take t'e ot'er side I'll go wit' you," says I. "Let's see if you *ken* disobey Daisy an' do t'e right t'ing."

"I can't do it!" says Hal, "an' I might as well say good-by. I'm go'n' to-morrow."

We stopped an' shook hands.

"Bob," he says, "you'll play fair?" An' he says t'is lookin' very serious.

"What you talkin' 'bout?" says I. "Ain't *I* always played fair? What bus'ness *you* got to ast t'at? I'll play chust like I please."

He seemed wery 'umble for a minute or two an' kep' kicking up t'e dirt.

"Well," he says, "mebby t'at wassn't quite fair. She gev' me t'e chance, an' I took it wit'out t'inkin' much 'bout you, Bob; t'at's so. I haf' no bus'ness to ast you to be fair. Yit I know you will be. She's all I got. I haf' not a friend in t'e world but chust her. You haf' so many friends——"

"Friends," says I. "What do I keer for—*friends!* I want her—her—her!"

"Yes," says Hal, nice an' soft—he could talk as sof' as a woman if he tried. "If she wass to you anyt'ing like she iss to me, I—understant."

"She wass more! By t'e Lord, she iss more! You nefer *ken* keer for her as I do!" says I; "an' you took her from me!"

"No," says Hal, chust as soft, "not more—not more. T'at iss impossible. Good-night, Bob. Good-by."

He held out his hand ag'in, an' I took it an' held it.

"Look yere, Hal," I says, "don' you go away wit' t'at in your head—'bout playin' fair. Don' you go away wit' t'e idea t'at Daisy iss your'n, an' t'at I'm a-go'n' to stay away from her. By t'e Lord, I'll not do anyt'ing of t'e kind. You understant? If I ken git her away from you——"

"I understant," he says, hangin' his head. "But I *know* t'at you'll be fair. But, Bob, if I don' git back——"

"Shut up!" I says. "You an' me air friends in efery-t'ing but this. In this we air deadly enemies. No quarter iss my motto—you understant? You're warned."

"You a little rough sometimes," says Hal, "but no man efer had a better friend. I'm not afrait."

I notice how he lingered on, though.

"Bob," he says ag'in, "she liked you before I kem; mebby—mebby she likes you yit. Of course I know she likes me better. Bob, I'll make a bargain wit' you——"

"'Bout Daisy?" says I.

"Yes," he says.

"No you won't!" says I. "I just tole you it's a fight an' no quarter t'ere."

"T'en," says he, soft an' kind ag'in; "I'll chust *tell* you some-t'ing. If our side loses——"

"I hope it does," says I, hard as iron.

"—I shill nefer come back. By t'at you'll know t'at she's——"

"Shut up!" says I.

"Good-by," says Hal

II

WELL, it wass 'bout t'e nicest t'ing t'at efer happened—for me—Hal's go'n' to war. I had Daisy all to myself, an' I soon found out t'at she needed some one bad. T'ink of t'e temptation—efery day an' hour, almost! An' I didn't waste no chances. An' Daisy nicer 'an efer wit' t'at little sadness in her eyes! Well, she knowed it as well as I did—what wass up—an' kep' me straight—as straight as she could—for a while. But efen t'at got to be pooty hard to do. She'd for-git all 'bout Hal now an' t'en—women air women all t'e world ofer. But one moonlight night Daisy brought me up to t'e right 'bout face. I r'ally don' know chust exsac'ly how it happened. I expec' I wass a little *too* fast. We took a walk an' drifted into a little woods, an' t'e first t'ing I knowed I had Daisy's hands a-holding on to 'em like t'ey belonged to me. Daisy must 'a' intirely forgot Hal t'at night. She let me pull her head ofer on my shoulder. An' I kissed her. I was sure I could make her gife Hal up. But chust 'bout t'at time somebody laughed—a kind-a "I-tole-you-so" laugh—and Sally Brenizer passed us. Daisy jumped up an' stood t'ere before me stiff as a poker.

"Bob," she says, hard an' cold, "I want you to go away!"

"What for?" I ast her, like a fool.

"You know well enough."

She walked out of t'e woods fas'.

"It's not a bit of danger, Daisy," says I, follering on behind; "you wouldn't marry me if I wass made of gold."

She laughed a little. T'en her eyes shone.

"No, I shill nefer marry no golden man," she says. "He's got to be flesh an' blood—warm an' tender—big an' brave——"

She stopped as if she'd said too much.

"But—t'at's not Hal," says I. "By t'e Lord, t'at's *not* Hal! He's *little!*"

"It *iss!* It *iss* Hal!" she says, turning on me like a tiger. "An' I want *you* to *go!*"

"All right," I says; "I'll go right off to war an' git killed. But, by t'e Lord, t'at *ain't* Hal!"

She switched right around an' caught my arm.

"Bob," she says, in a pleadin' kind-a way, "I do not command you to go—*now*—I *beg* you—so t'at I may be true—so t'at you may not be a traitor. Go. But come back—oh, Bob, come back to—*me*."

She put her head in her hands an' cried like a child. I tried to take her hands, but she got away from me.

"Bob, don' touch me!" she says.

"You afrait of me," I says.

"Yes," she says, "yes; I *am* afrait of you! Oh, t'e Brenizer girls wass right!"

"I won' go for t'at, Daisy," says I.

"No," she says. "But you will go because you tempt me efery day—efery day to forgit—to forgit. No, you will not go for t'at—but for *me*—an'—an' you will come back—to *me*, an'—an'—Hal."

"To you," says I.

"You promised to be fair."

"No!" I says, "an' I nefer will be!"

"Oh, Bob!" she says. "Oh, Bob, for Heaven's sake be—fair! an keep *me* to—be—fair!"

But as I looked t'ere wass somet'ing in her eyes t'at she could not conceal, an' it wass gladness—gladness. By t'e Lord, it wass gladness!

"I *will* come back to you—*for* you," I says. "After t'e war t'ere will be anot'er fight. It will be yere. You air my life. Wit'out you I do not keer to lif'. If he keers for you t'at much it must be you or—or—some-t'ing we can't talk 'bout. After this I *will* be fair. But t'ere will be no quarter. I would kill him if I——"

Her head drooped a little.

"Good-by," I says; "you air mine if I win you—his if he does."

She looked up sudden an' t'e light went out of her face. I held out my hand. She didn't take it.

"Good-by," she whispers back.

I lef' her standin' t'ere. An' w'en I wass 'most half a mile away she mofed for t'e first time. She wafed her han'kercher an' t'at wass t'e last I seen of her.

"NO, I SHILL NEFER MARRY NO GOLDEN MAN," SHE SAYS

III

WELL, by 1863 we got round to Gettysburg wit' Hancock, an' on July 3 we wass wit' Ricketts' Battery on Cemetery Ridge. In t'e mornin' it wass quiet enough, considerin' w'at wass go'n' on, but t'ings didn't look right. We wass on t'e look-out efery minute for trouble. 'Bout one o'clock t'e great artillery fight commenced. You'fe heerd 'bout t'e whole t'ing often enough, I expec'. But hearing 'bout it iss mighty watery kind-a business to t'em t'at wass in it. T'e old eart' trimbled like it wass a eart'quake, an' it look like a flea couldn't hartly lif' in such a place. Efery foot of ground wass ploughed up wit' shot, an' it kep' a feller busy dodgin' to keep his head on. An' t'en sometimes a feller'd dodge out of one t'ing right into anot'er, an' lose it after all. Well, we didn't let t'e rebels make all t'e noise, I ken tell you. But soon t'e walley in our front got filled wit' smoke an' we couldn't see a t'ing. T'e only way to locate Longstreet wass by t'e flash of his guns. An' of course t'at's t'e way he located us. We could see his shells come tearin' t'rough t'at curtain of smoke as if it wass made of muslin—efery shell leafin' a hole. Well, as I said, we wass on t'e lookout for t'e trouble t'e rebs wass cookin' up for us behind t'at curtain, an' soon t'e word kem along t'at General Warren had found out w'at it wass. He had a signal station on Little Roundtop abofe an' back of us, an' w'en t'e smoke 'd git torn by t'e shells he'd take a look through t'e hole. Well, under t'e cofer of t'e smoke Longstreet wass massin' a whole diwision for an assault upon our centre. T'e artillery wass ordered to stop firin' so's t'e smoke could clear an' gife us a chance to see 'em. An' w'en we stopped t'ey knowed t'at we had found out w'at t'ey wass up to, an' stopped also. It wass quiet as a funerel. An' t'e rebels didn't make no furt'er secret of t'eir plans: chust like t'ey wass sure to git t'ere an' didn't keer no more. A fact, I t'ink t'ey wass anxious to be seen now—so's to frighten us. T'ey nefer knowed w'at for kind-a men wass behint t'ose stone walls! Frighten us! T'ey might 'a' knowed better! We'd had a chance, mos' of us, to git ofer t'at for t'ree years! Well—excuse me, I git a little excited talkin' 'bout it—w'en t'e smoke cleared w'at we saw wass wort' lookin' at—to a soldier, anyhow. Down in t'e walley Pickett's men wass chust mofin' out from behind a bunch of red barns 'bout t'ree-quarters of a mile away, as gay as if t'ey wass on dress parade. If I recollec' right, t'ey wass singin' or cheerin', mebby bot'. T'eir arms wass at a right shoulder shift—as if t'ey didn't intend to use 'em. Bot' arms an' uniforms had been cleaned tell t'ey shone an' glittered in t'e sun. Oh, I ken shut my eyes an' see it yit! 'Bout twenty t'ousand t'e best men in Lee's army—walkin' straight up to our guns—no cofer—no shade—an' grape an' canister all ready for 'em—an' waitin'—wit' laughter on t'eir faces. We chust stood an' looked an' let t'e guns take keer t'emselfes a little. Who wouldn't? Yere was twenty t'ousand men, ten t'ousand of whom would be dead in ten minutes! Not a gun had been fired at 'em yit. Seemed like our artillery wass paralyzed, but our men wass only gittin' t'eir batteries posted for 'em.

We made no change. We wass chust behind a little bunch of trees at w'ich t'ey seemed to be aiming. Chust Hunt sent us a few more guns. Soon eferyt'ing wass ready for 'em. Solid shot, shell, grape an' canister piled right by each gun. T'ey had passed some trees on t'is side t'e barn an' corrected t'eir alignment an' were comin' on like a beautiful machine. I nefer seen not'ing like t'at, an' nefer shill, I expec'. Not a man out of step or out of line. I had t'e lanyard in my hand ready. A shell wass in t'e gun. Cushing wass p'intin' it. "Fire!" kem t'e word, an' twenty lanyards clicked an' twenty shells tore t'rough t'e ranks below us. I chumped on t'e stone fence a minute to see. A dozen bloody lanes wass cut in t'eir ranks. But t'ey closed up wit'out losing step an' mofed on ag'in as fine an' sassy as efer. T'en it wass "Fire!" ag'in an' ag'in, wit' t'e same result. We didn't miss—neit'er did t'ey. T'en Longstreet opens on us—eighty or ninety guns. T'ey had come 'bout half a mile under our fire. We could see t'at t'e ranks wass t'inner, an' t'at t'ere wass a gray trail behind 'em, w'ere wounded men wass crawlin' away to shelter. But now t'ey lowered t'eir bayonets an' gev' t'eir yell an' started on a run for our breas'works. "Canister!" says Cushing, an' we let 'em haf' it. Once, twice, t'rice. T'e ranks wase gittin' t'inner; t'e trail behind t'icker. No alignment now—no parade business now—by t'e Lord! "Grape to t'e muzzle!" says Cushing, quieter an' quieter all t'e time. We gev' it to 'em. Once—twice—t'e second time right in t'eir faces as t'ey swarmed ofer t'e stone wall. A shell exploded under t'e gun. Cushing wiped his face. We wass all black. "Canister!" says he, but no one mofed. Efery man of t'e crew wass down but him an' me—an' I wass chust crawlin' up wit' a piece of shell in me. He under-stoot, an' shofed in a canister himself. I shofed in anot'er. A dozen rebels jumped on t'e gun. But a blast from t'e bat-tery on our right—turned to enfilade 'em—swep' 'em to hell! "Now," says Cushing, "back her a little!" We did so, an' Cushing pulled t'e string. It swep' a clean streak t'rough 'em. "Anot'er!" says Cushing, pulling her back a little more. In went t'e canister—I poured on some primin'—Cushing reached for t'e string. But a bayonet t'rough his breast stopped him forefer. Yit he tried to reach it once or twice as he died. T'en I chumped for it, but t'e same bayonet stopped me. I'd 'a' gev all t'at wass lef' of my life to pull t'at string. I tried twice to git it but it wass no use. T'e bayonet wass t'rough my arm, an' how it did hurt w'en I stopped tryin' for t'e lanyard! T'en I turned on t'e man wit' t'e bayonet—he pushin' me off—me tryin' to git at him. His face wass blacker 'an a nikker's wit' powder-smoke, an' it wass some blood smears on. I expec' mine wass as black.

T'e only t'ing I remember of t'at moment iss madness—madness—madness! I t'ought I wass killed myself, an' I wanted to kill—kill as many as I could before I died. It all happened in a second or two. Of a sudden I wass strong as a bull. I cherked t'e rebel's gun out his hands—got t'e bayonet out my arm an' tried to smash him wit' t'e butt. It wass a glancin' blow, an' he closed in on me. We went down toget'er. But he wass under, an' I put his own bayonet t'rough him an' laughed—laughed in his face—he wass so disapp'inted! But t'e laugh turned to a shifer. T'e gun fell out of my hands. I grabbed t'e rebel an' pulled his face closst to mine. I couldn't see no more; he put his hands on his wound for pain, an' opened his eyes a little, an' t'en a little more an' more, an' I could see in his eyes w'at he wass seein' in mine. He smiled a little t'en, an' tried to reach my hand an' says chust:

"Bob!"

An' I says chust: "Hal!"

It wass he—Hal—an' a parcel of his men t'at had been fightin' us 'bout t'at battery like defils—Hal an' a parcel of Armistead's men—t'e only ones t'at efer got acrosst t'at stone wall!

I knowed not'ing more—an' I remember not'ing more tell I woke up in t'e field hospital—an' I t'ank God t'at I do not. Soon some one in a rattlin' kind a voice like he wass waitin' for me an' tired says:

"Bob!"

I looks around an' t'e man on t'e cot next to me wass holdin' out his hand. I took it an' knowed it wass Hal.

"Can't talk," he says; "hole—in—lung."

He p'inted to it, an' I remembered an' shifered ag'in.

"Ast 'em—put me yere. Wanted tell you—waitin'—didn't know—wass you—out t'ere."

He p'inted toward t'e battle-fiel'.

"An' I didn't know it wass you," says I, sniffling like a fool.

"Wouldn't hurt you for—for—a dozen—Confederacies—"

"Nor I you," says I, "for a dozen United States."

He reached out his hand ag'in, like he wassn't quite sure.

"Forgife I" says I.

He squeexed my hand an' t'en tried to take his own back. But I held it.

"Forgife *me*," I says, "for t'at." I p'inted to his breas'.

He nodded an' smiled as if it wass not'ing.

"An' for t'at, too; I wassn't—fair."

I pulled a daguerreotype of Daisy from my bosom, w'ere it wass fas' round my neck by a string, an' held it up to him. He smiled, an' pulled anot'er out of his bosom chust like it.

We rested a w'ile, an' t'en he says:

"Bob—you don' mind—t'at I'm in you' hospital?"

"Hal," I says, "I'm glad."

"I ast 'em—to put me by you."

He dropped off to sleep t'en. He had medicine in him to make him sleep. In ten minutes he woke up an' says:

"Bob—t'ink—Daisy'd come—if she knowed?"

"Yes," I says.

One day a woman all dressed in black, wit' t'e cross of t'e Christian Commission on, came an' says, sof' as prayin':

"I haf' paper an' enfelopes yere, an' I will write a letter to any one you wish."

"Yes," I says. An' she sat down an' begun.

"Now, do not hurry," she says yit; "I haf' plenty of time an' I will write efery word you say—no matter how many." I notice t'at her woice wass sof' an' familiar, kind-a German, but I didn't suspec' a t'ing.

"Well," I says, "begin it 'Dear Daisy.'"

"'Dear Daisy,' did you say?" she ast me.

"Yes," I says; "for why you skeered so 'bout t'at?"

"Yes—I wass a little frightened," she says. "I knowed—knowed a—Daisy. But t'ere air many of t'at name."

"Yes," I says; "but t'ere iss only *one* Daisy."

"Yes," she says, wery sof' an' nice; "*your* Daisy."

"*Our* Daisy," says I.

"*Our* Daisy—did you—say?"

"Yes," I says; "it's two of us."

"Pardon me," she says, an' I t'ought she wass cryin' a little; "I am ready."

"Dear Daisy," I begun ag'in, "we air in t'e hospital at a place called Gettysburg. Bot' of us air. We——"

She dropped on her knees at t'e side of t'e bed.

"Oh!—*bot'* of you! W'ere—w'ere iss t'e ot'er?"

An' I knowed she wass cryin'.

"Now, don' you worry," says I. "You can't cry so nice for efery wounded soldier. It's too many. Go on, please."

"But I must know—'bout t'e—ot'er," she kind-a begs. "I must—*must* know!"

I felt her liftin' up t'e bandage on my face an' lookin' at me—a long time.

"Well, t'en," I says, "t'ere he iss—right behind you. Don' wake him up. He sleeps 'most all t'e time. T'ey keep him under t'e influence of somet'ing account his pain. Hal—his name's Hal—he's my bes' friend—if he *iss* a rebel. I didn't always t'ink so, but I do now—an' Daisy's t'e bes' friend of us bot'. We're bot' in lofe wit' her an' we bot' want to marry her. She—she's ingaged to Hal. He's mighty sick. So am I. It don' look like elt'er of us 'll git t'e chance to marry her. I wassn't fair wit' him—no I wassn't. Not exsac'ly. But I'm sorry now. I'll be fair after t'is. He—he ken marry her."

She wass sobbin' right out now—like babies do t'at can't help it. She turned an' looked at Hal an' raised his bandage like she'd done mine, I t'ink, an' t'en says, says she, sobbin':

"Let us go on wit' t'e letter, please."

"——it wass a fight yere t'e last t'ree days, an' Hal an' me wass bot' wounded. He on t'e one side, me on t'e ot'er—bot' fightin'. It ain't a pleasant story, an' I'll tell you 'bout it w'en you come. It'll take some courage to tell it. Hal's asleep alongside of me. He's too bad hurt to write. An' he's asleep. T'at's why I got to do it. An' he mustn't be waked up—t'e doctor says so. Daisy, can't you come to see him? He iss hurt bad, an' also his side lost. I pity him. You will, too, w'en you see him. He ast me t'e ot'er day if I t'ought you'd come. I says, of course she will—if it's a t'ousand miles, instead of chust forty or fifty. So please an' come to see your two friends,

"BOB AN' HAL."

She chust took t'e letter an' wrote somet'ing below. T'en she took off my bandage an' held it up to my eyes.

"*Dear Bob, Dear Hal:* I haf' chust got your letter—an' am—*yere.*

DAISY."

I can't tell exsac'ly what happened in t'e next few minutes. I expec' I don' know. An' if you nefer wass no wounded soldier an' in lofe wit' Daisy you can't efen imagine it. All t'at I remember iss t'at in a little w'ile she wass kneelin' between our two cots wit' a hand of each in her'n, an' it seemed like t'at healed eferyt'ing. All t'e jealousy an' heart burnin'; all t'e fightin'; all t'e trials; all t'e fire an' blood an' waste of life wass forgot, an' chust t'at little hand an' t'at voice remembered. Chust as if it had all been for t'is—an' t'is joyous moment—an' as if it wass all wort' t'is."

An' happy! I wass happy myself. But to see Hal's face you'd t'ink he wass in Heafen. An' t'at made me happy, too—Hal's happiness. Yes, I felt different after I'd seen him fight an' after I'd fought wit' him.

She stayed right t'ere an' nursed us as no two soldiers efer wass nursed before. An' I kep' gittin' better all t'e time account I wass so happy an' Hal kep' gittin' worse for t'e same reason. You see, he wouldn't an' wouldn't keep quiet.

T'e doctor tole me he had a chance before Daisy kem, but it wass gone now.

"Well," he says, "what is t'e differ? He'll die t'e happiest man I efer saw." And he did.

It kem in t'e night. Daisy wass sleepin' a little, w'en Hal woke me up. T'e torch wass dancin' in front of t'e tent, an' I could see t'at his face wass shinin' in a kind-a way t'at wass almost holy.

An' w'ile I wass gittin' out of bed I heard him whisper like to himself:

"Bob," he says, "call Daisy."

I had her t'ere in a minute. She soon seen w'at wass up. Wit' one great sob she dropped down at Hal's cot an' wass quiet, an' I dropped down aside of her. We wass all awed an' trembly, but Hal, he still had t'at light in his face an' wass smilin' up at us like old times—old times! How far away t'ey seemed now! Oh, but he looked young an' pitiful! An' I had killed him! Down in my breas' I cursed t'e war an' all t'e people who had helped to bring t'is awful t'ing 'bout.

"Hal," I says, "I'm sorry."

"Bob," he says, "it wass war."

"Hal," I says, "God bless you!"

He looked from Daisy to me a little, t'en back ag'in, his smile gittin' brighter all t'e time.

"He has," Hal says t'en. "He has gif-en me t'e two—bes' friends—any man efer had. T'e—two bes' friends." His eyess got dim, an' he groped wit' his hands. Daisy put her'n in 'em."

He understood.

"T'at's—right—Daisy."

T'en his mind wandered a little.

"Bob killed—me. Did you—know t'at Bob killed—me? If it had not been war—it would 'a' been—murder—if it hadn't been war——"

"I GRABBED T'E REBEL AN' PULLED HIS FACE CLOST TO MINE"

We sat t'ere wit'out a word, tell his hands got cold an' we knowed w'at had happened. T'en I says, "Daisy."

She turned on me wit' a look I had nefer seen in her eyess, an' says,

"Hush!"

IV

AN' SO it wass always—hush! untel I couldn't bear it no more. For I could see it all in her eyess, but could not say a word. An' Daisy—w'at she did for me now wass for duty—not lofe.

Chust oncet she spoke 'bout it.

"Iss it true?" she ast.

"I killed him," I says. "But——"

"Hush!" says she wit' t'at look on her face ag'in. "Not one word!"

One day she led me out for a walk. I don' know how it happened, but we bot' went right to t'e spot. T'ings had been cleared up a little, but it still looked mighty ragged. We stopped an' slowly faced each ot'er, an' her eyess said, "W'ere?" I found t'e spot an' she stooped an' kissed it. I stood tell she got up. T'en she took my arm, but I wouldn't go.

"It wass war," I says.

"It wass murder!" she says.

We stood wit'out a word.

"T'e sweetest an' gentlest soul t'at efer lifed," says she.

"T'e sweetest an' gentlest soul t'at efer lifed," says I.

Still we stood t'ere.

"I haf' anot'er word to say," says I, "an' yere's t'e place to say it."

"What iss it?" she ast.

"Good-by."

She started a little.

"Come," she says t'en, an' begun to lead me home.

Back ofer t'e Valley of Death we went, an' I saw it all oncet more—t'e smoke—t'e fire—t'e blood—t'e heat—t'e din—shouts of wictory—curses of defeat—death. T'en it wass war—glorious war—but now it wass bitter murder—bitter murder! I stopped. "We part yere," I says.

She seemed 'bout to break down—an' finally held out her hands. I took an' kissed 'em. She kem a little closter an' put up her lips—chust as if I had forced her. But I shook my head an' turned away.

"Not a murderer," says I.

Well, I went back an' fought for two years more—fought like a deil—fought to forgit—to kill—to be killed. But two t'ings I nefer could forgit—t'e paleness of her face an' t'e coldness of t'e lips I didn't need to touch to feel. T'ey tell you t'at time cures all t'ings. But t'at nefer got no better. I could see t'at face, feel those lips, an' hear t'at woice sayin' it wass murder, in battle. Yes, as I "murdered" ot'er rebels, God help me! T'ey were all plainer to me on t'e day I wass mustered out t'an t'e day I lef' her in t'e Walley of Death.

V

I WALKED home from t'e grand reriew—it wass only 'bout fifty miles from home—an' I wanted to go t'rough Gettysburg oncet more—see t'at spot ag'in—an' go t'rough t'e Walley of Death. It wass harder to find now—t'e spot; but not'ing on eart' could keep it from me, an' presently I knowed t'at I had my lips on t'e spot she had kissed. An' t'e saddest tears I efer shed dropped into t'e grass where t'e blood of bot' of us had fallen two years before. Our blood an' her tears—an' all for her lofe! An' t'en I knowed w'at I had r'ally come for—to kiss t'e spot she had kissed! Well, I had done t'at. An' w'at now? Home? No! I saw ag'in *t'at* in her eyes. No! I rose an' faced south—t'e way I had come. As I did so a woman stood before me suddenly. I staggered back as if I had seen her ghost, so frail wass she—yit—oh! oh! oh! beautiful—beautiful as an anchel! Beautiful as t'e anchel we use' to call her—Hal an' me. I t'ought, somehow, of t'e moment I put t'e bayonet t'rough Hal.

She smiled an' held out her arms. I didn't mofe. I could not. She came slowly towards me. I mofed back. She stopped an' t'e pain I knowed of old kem in her eyess.

"Bob—oh, Bob," she whispered, "wass it too much to *efer* forgife? I *know* now. *You* didn't tell me. I wouldn't let you, and you nefer tried. But I *know*. Yes, it wass war."

"You haf' broken my heart," I says.

"Then let me heal it, Bob," she says. "Oh, Bob," she begs, "take me—take me—take me! I am so tired waitin' for you—so tired waitin' to confess—to confess——"

"Confess—confess w'at?" I says.

"Oh, Bob—a woman mus' confess in some one's arms—on some one's breast—on some one's heart—some one who iss brafe enough an' strong enough to forgife her w'en she iss—iss—*wrong*. I wass a girl t'en—almost a child. I am a woman now,—an' I—oh, Bob—I haf'—suffered. I haf' suffered! Yes, I am a woman now. Look at me!"

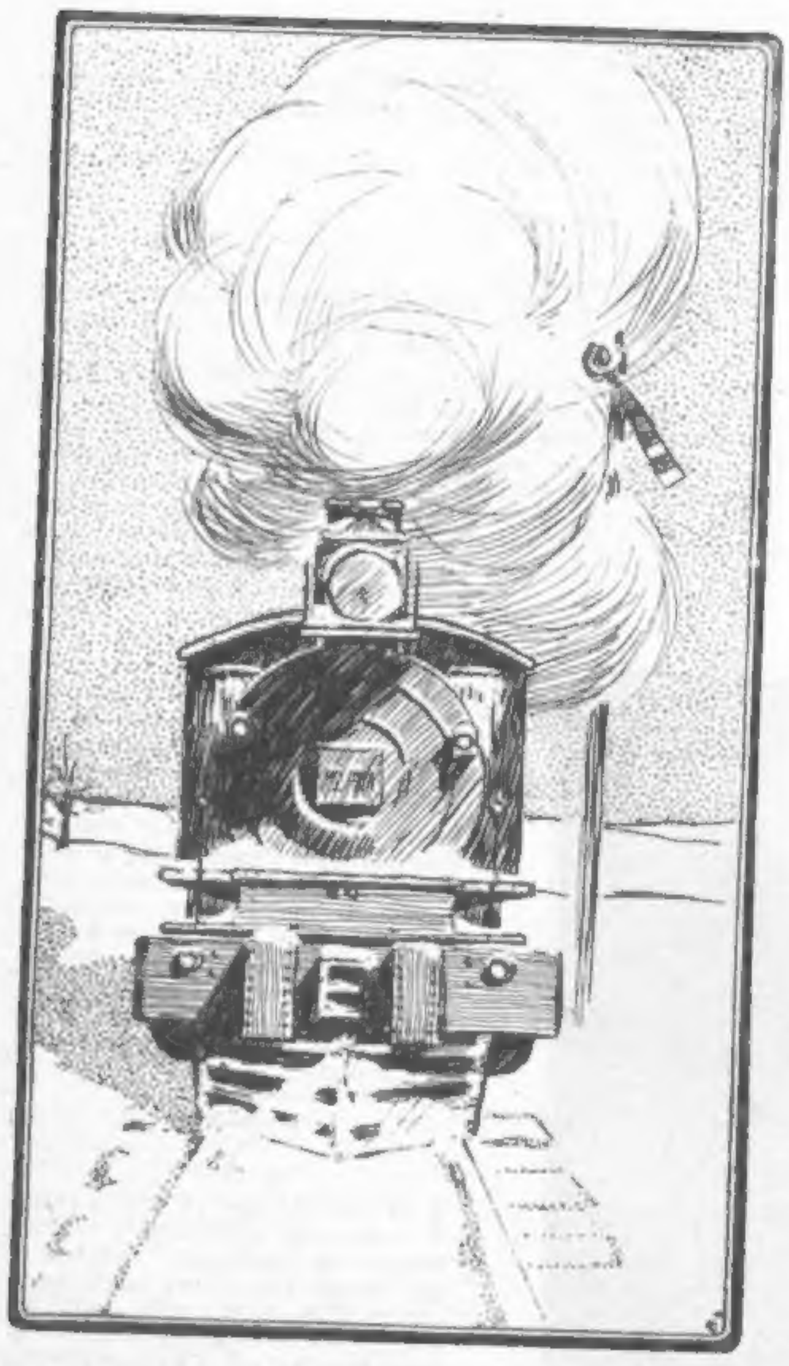
I did. She wass a woman—t'e most splendid to me t'at God efer made. I kneeled down an' kissed t'e hem of her frock.

"You air our anchel!" I says.

An' t'en—I don' know how it happened—I didn't say a word—I couldn't—I didn't mofe—but she knelt down t'ere, too. An' t'en, somehow, my arms opened ag'inst my will, an' w'en she wass in 'em, an' trying to git closter an' closter, how could I let her go? An' her confession? She didn't make it tell long afterwards, an' it wass this:

"*I* wass t'e guilty one. I lofed *you* an' pitied *him*."

We turned homeward. But she went back to t'e spot we knew. I did not look to see w'at she did. W'en she reached me ag'in she put her arm in mine an' held it closs w'ile we crossed oncet more t'e Walley of Death.



Improving the POSTAL SERVICE

A Postscript *to the* Making *of a* Journalist

By Robert Barr

SOME desperate and many inexcusable things are done in the name of newspaper enterprise, but others as well as myself can tell all who practice such methods that they only succeed for the moment, and that peril to both reporter and newspaper walk hand-in-hand with all fraud. There is a well-known literary man in London who, when he was a youth, ran off with a mail bag which he knew contained a document that he wanted immediately, but which would not be delivered in due course until the next morning. He was chased and shot at by the mail agents, but managed to escape both injury and capture."

The above extract is clipped from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of August 16, and it was written by Mr. Julian Ralph, forming part of that remarkable and most interesting series of articles on the making of a newspaper man, which I, and doubtless all others of your readers, have perused with absorbed attention. Mr. Ralph is a charming and delightful gentleman, an enterprising journalist, and one of the most brilliant writers of our time; therefore it is with something of dismay that I find we disagree on a question of newspaper ethics. He censures the unfortunate individual who hastened mail delivery, yet, in the paragraph immediately preceding the one I have quoted, he tacitly approves the action of one of his own reporters who surreptitiously entered a ducal house in England disguised as a musician, after having been refused admission by the owner of the house. The result of this sneak-thieving of news was that a New York paper contained an account of a private entertainment which the Duke expected to go unrecorded. Now, I hold that a man's house is his castle, be he peer or peasant, and when he refuses admission to any one that person has no right to enter, disguised or otherwise.

One of my neighbors in England, who is a farmer, possesses near his front door a huge rock which is locally known as "The King's Stone." Some time before I settled here, King James II was hunting in this district, and, wandering away from his followers, got lost. Tired and thirsty, he happened upon the farmer of Nethern Court, who took him to his house, the same building that still stands there. The flustered farmer, hurrying ahead, told his wife that the King wished a glass of home-brewed ale, but she, good woman, disapproved of James, his politics and his religion, and while she allowed her husband to draw the ale, saying she would not refuse a dog a drink, she stood sturdily in her doorway and swore that the King should not set foot across her threshold. And he didn't, but sat sullenly on the stone, and drank his ale.

Now, I admire that woman, and regret she is dead. She successfully asserted a principle which must not be ignored by reporter or monarch if either of them wish to retain the title of gentleman.

On the other hand, I cannot find it in my heart to condemn very strongly the "well-known" literary person who in his youth "held up" the United States by grabbing a mail bag; but then, I may not be an unprejudiced witness. There are many things I did for my paper in the old days which I should probably hesitate to do now, but that mail episode was not one of them. I would do it to-day, if I were in the business and it required doing, because, you see, my action arose through the neglect of duty on the part of a United States mail agent, who did not realize that he was a servant of the people, and so far forgot himself as to make a target of one of his employers. Then, again, all sympathy must be withdrawn from this agent when it is known that he emptied his revolver at me and hit nothing but the end of the Michigan Central Depot, which was about the size of Wayne County. Cervera could have shot no worse. Anyhow, here is the story, now for the first time put into type, and the reader shall judge who was at fault.

I was at that time News Editor on the Detroit Free Press. The title is a misnomer, for a News Editor has nothing to do with news. The term probably arose during those days when a paper depended for its information on the click of the scissors rather than on the click of the telegraph instrument. My duty was to clip out interesting items from the papers of the world and duly credit the extracts to their proper sources. It was an easy, captivating business, and I had a comfortable room all to myself, with a revolving chair and a stationary desk, far from the worry and turmoil of the "local" department. It was really none of my affair if the paper "got left" every day on news, but, nevertheless, if a man on a paper has a Chief whose slightest word of commendation is valued more than refined gold he doesn't think solely of his department, but of the whole sheet, and a triumph in any direction is a triumph for every member of the staff. Thus a real newspaper man is ready at any time to write an editorial, report a meeting or collect election returns in an outside precinct at one o'clock in the morning, without complaining that the task is beyond his regular line of duty.

On the evening of the coldest day of the coldest year Detroit had probably ever seen up to that date, the Night Editor of the Free Press came into my room, as I was preparing to go home, and asked me to try and find out what had become of the four-o'clock train from Lansing, the capital of Michigan. This was what had happened. It seemed that the Governor of the State had seized the morning of this particularly bitter day to send forth his annual message, covering about a page and a half of the paper—a message which no sane man would ever think of reading, but which, nevertheless, each journal in the State had to print because the other journals printed it and because it was from the pen of the Governor. This broad sheet of printed matter had been duly given out to the correspondents at the capital that morning, and they should have seen that it went to their respective papers on the 10 A. M. train. This, alas! the representative of the opposition paper had done, but our man, for some reason, let the document go on the 4 P. M. express, which ninety-nine times out of a hundred would have landed the message in the editor's hands quite early enough for next morning's paper. It was his ill luck that this happened to be the hundredth time. As the slang phrase has it, it was a cold day when the Free Press got left, and the temperature outside the office was seventeen below zero.

I started out in the cold to find what the Detroit, Lansing and Northern Railway Company had to say for itself. The officials were just closing the office for the day, and they were very polite. There was a blizzard raging down the centre of Michigan, they said, and they were afraid the train was stalled somewhere in the snowdrifts. Still, there was a good man at the throttle, and the train would doubtless worry through to Detroit somewhere about midnight. They had no anxiety about it. She was all right. Such is the optimism of the railroad man in the face of the forces of Nature.

I went back to the editorial rooms, but found that the stock of cheerfulness which I had acquired at the offices of the railroad was not enough to relieve the deepening gloom of the Night Editor. A Night Editor always fears the worst. Accounts of the severity of the storm were coming in, and they were very depressing, when you remember that the compositors of the opposition paper were at that moment setting up the Governor's speech and our copy was in a snowdrift.

At this juncture the Managing Editor, a calm, imperturbable, resourceful man, never flustered in an emergency, gave the order that the whole document should be telegraphed from Lansing. This meant the expenditure of hundreds of dollars for a screed that not a single subscriber would care to read. We all felt glad we were not that Lansing correspondent who had neglected to put the printed sheet on the early train, for although the Managing Editor would not say much, and would seldom raise his voice, what little he did say would touch the spot and go a mighty long way beyond it.

But the message was not to be telegraphed. The blizzard which had stalled the train had also wrecked the wires, and the capital of Michigan was as much cut off from the rest of the world as if it had been situated astride the North Pole. This was the final blow. Deep depression settled down over those gathered in the Local and Night Editor's room, and, as the evening wore on, reporters drifting in, costumed like Arctic explorers, were told of the crisis in whispers, and took the ill tidings each according to his wont, the Sporting Editor nearly bursting into tears, and the Religious Editor pouring maledictions on the Governor and on the weather.

The foreman of the composing-room came down to consult with the Night Editor. He was a sombre, taciturn pessimist even on the Fourth of July, but now his manner would lead one to suppose that the end of all things had come, and that there was nothing for us to do but sell the paper by auction in the morning and take to working on the roads. The Chief passed through, and paused a moment when the woe-begone face of the foreman was turned toward him.

"This is awful!" said the foreman.

"It is pretty bad," replied the Chief, with the air of a man who has an unexpected ace up his sleeve, "but I've quite made up my mind what to do if the message doesn't come in."

"And what is that?" asked the foreman breathlessly.

"Why, we won't print it." And the Chief disappeared into his room without a smile on his face. Some of us ventured to laugh a little, but the foreman went lugubriously upstairs shaking his head solemnly. This was no time for levity, he thought, yet if he had paid more attention to the problem he would have seen that the suggestion of the Chief was the only possible line to take.

The absence of the Governor's message had left a fearful gap in next morning's paper, which had to be filled. Therefore every man who could write was as busy as a record-breaker on the last lap. I had to turn in all my clippings as possible fill-ups, and I venture to say that if they had been used they would have been more interesting than the Governor's contribution.

Toward midnight, being the only person in the office doing nothing, I set out again to find if anything was to be learned of the mislaid train. I rapped at the door of the manager of the road, who roomed at the Michigan Exchange Hotel, a popular place of resort, which has long since disappeared. I met an unkind reception. The manager had been badgered enough about his missing train and had gone to bed.

"What do you want?" he cried.

"I'm from the Free Press," I answered. "The Governor's message is aboard the four-o'clock train from Lansing, and I want to know where the train is."

Somewhat energetically he consigned the Governor, the message, the train and myself to a locality where there are no snowdrifts. Quite otherwise. How was he to know where the train was? Did I expect him to charter a balloon? Didn't I know the wires were all down? Did I think he was a prophet, or gifted with second sight? He was

I grabbed the flying Lansing bag and bolted

a mere railroad man, trying to get a bit of sleep when there was nothing else to be done. I knew just about as much regarding that train as he did.

Well, I wanted to know a little more, so I continued: "Isn't there any place where I could find out something? Would there be any use of my going to the Junction?"

He calmed down a great deal, and answered civilly: "I don't think you could get out there. But you might telegraph the Junction. The wires are up that far. If you went to the telegraph office at the foot of Twenty-first Street, right beside the track, they could tell you if there is any news."

I thanked him and went back to the office to discover if further word had come in. It hadn't. I asked the Night Editor what the latest hour was at which the message would be of any use to him, and he said that if he had the copy by three o'clock in the morning he could get it into the paper. With that I started for Twenty-first Street, if it was Twenty-first Street—it may have been only Seventeenth Street; it is so long ago that I forget the exact numeral.

I found some of the streets impassable with snowdrifts, and after getting in up to the neck, I abandoned the sidewalk and tried the railway track, which was swept clean by the blizzard, there being no obstruction on the dock side of the railway yard, the great and noble river a mile wide giving free scope to the blast. Switching had ceased on account of the inclemency of the weather and the number of abandoned trains, so one element of danger to a pedestrian on a bewildering maze of tracks was eliminated. But it was bitterly, cruelly cold. Since then I have been out in weather thirty-six degrees below zero, but there was no wind, and it was not in a lake-surrounded country, so the climate did not strike me as nearly so severe as this seventeen below at Detroit. Several times I stood in the lee side of a freight car and thought I should have to abandon the journey, but by and by I became warmer and, at last, quite comfortable, and so went on.

Even if I forget the name of the street, I shall never forget my startling reception by the railroad men in the midway telegraph office between the Michigan Central Depot and the Junction. I opened the door and was instantly enveloped in the steam that the heated atmosphere within made as it met the outside air. I have a dim recollection of a huge base-burner stove, glowing red hot, a large room full of men, and clerks on high stools beside chattering telegraph instruments. "Get out of here! Get out of here at once!" shouted a rough voice, and the next instant the speaker shoved me backward, staggering through the doorway I had just entered. This was bewildering, but his following shout explained the situation: "Tumble out, some of you fellows, and help me! This man's frozen near to death!"

Deep depression settled down over those gathered in the Local and Night Editor's room

And so it was. My hands and arms were frozen up to the elbows, and my cheek was as hard and brazen as that of Julian Ralph's favorite New York reporter. Those stalwart, energetic railroad men tore off my outer garments and plunged me into the snowdrift behind the building, rubbing and rubbing and rubbing. The agonizing return from a comfortable Arctic death has been so often described that I shall not add to the literature on the subject, but I wish I knew who those kind and capable railroad men were and could give them a million each.

When things are at their worst they take a turn. Entering the building at last, tingling and sore, the chief operator said, on hearing my story, "Oh, that's all right. Number Seven's just left the Junction and will be here in a minute."

"Will she stop?" I asked in alarm.

"Certain. Has to stop for orders." And as he spoke the engine of the missing train crawled past the windows with a monotonous ding-dong of the swaying bell.

The engine was a sight to see. The headlight was smashed, and the wrecked cow-catcher hung in tatters, like a ragged frill at its panting throat. Icicles had formed all over, had been jarred and shattered off, and had re-formed, studding the engine frame like broken and pointed stalactites. The smoke-stack was awry, and the huge, laboring machine had the appearance of a tramp, staggering drunk, with a weather-beaten plug hat set askew on his head.

"Hello, Bill! Bucked through, did you?"

"Yes. All clear to the depot?"

"All clear. Say, Bill, here's a reporter wants to ride with you to the terminus."

"Glad he don't want to ride any farther, for I'm going to stop there. Climb aboard, young man."

I got into the cab, if that is what they call it, and we proceeded slowly down the yard, the fireman mechanically pulling the bell-rope like a man beating time. The engine seemed to have lost its nerve through its battle with the drifts, and now felt its way with trembling caution along the wind-swept rails.

"Well, young man, what are you doing out so late such a night as this?" asked the bluff engine-driver.

"The Governor's message is aboard this train, and I want to get it so that we can print it in the morning."

"Jiminy!" cried the incredulous engineer. "You think a mighty sight more of the Governor than I do. I wouldn't be out a night like this for all the messages of all the Governors in the Union."

"You brought in your train to-night, though, through a worse storm than I've been in."

"Oh, a passenger train's much more important than a Governor's message."

"Well, the passenger train's your Governor's message, and the Governor's message is my passenger train."

He ruminated over this for a moment or two and replied: "I guess that's about the size of it. Every man to his trade, and nobody can grumble if he does the best he knows how."

The plaintive note of the bell was now echoed from the high arched roof of the station, and the electric globes shed intermittent mitigated moonlight on the deserted platforms of the vast terminus. It was half-past two, and I was elated with a sense of victory, little realizing that I was presently to run up against the stone wall of official interference.

There was a square wooden building on the platform, and its door stood open. The man in the mail car was flinging out the bags, shouting the name of each as he heaved it on the platform. A big, fat individual, the collar of whose gigantic ulster went up over his ears, to be met by a fur cap, seemed to be keeping tally of the names the train postal clerk shouted, answering back, and flinging the bags into the little wooden house through the open door.

"Isn't this mail going to the post-office to-night?" I asked in alarm.

"No, sonny. To-morrow morning. Webberville!"

Each of us forgot that it was now morning.

"But the Governor's message is in the Lansing bag. The Free Press must have it right away. They're waiting for it now."

"Let 'em wait a little longer, then. They'll get it in the morning. Howell!"

"But it won't be any use then."

"That ain't my fault. Get out, and don't bother me; I've troubles enough of my own. I'm going to bed. Williamstown!"

"I'll give you five dollars if you take the Lansing bag up to the post-office. It isn't ten minutes from here."

"Oh, I guess I know how far it is. I tell you I'm going to bed. Fowlerville!"

"But it's your business to take up the bag. That's what you're here for. If I had thought you wouldn't I'd have got an order from the postmaster that would have compelled you to do your duty."

"Pity you didn't get it. South Lyon!"

"It won't keep you ten minutes out of your bed."

"I want to sleep that ten minutes. Brighton! Now I've had enough of your lip, young man. You get out of here or I'll throw you out. Lansing!"

I grabbed the flying Lansing bag and bolted. The time for amiable conversation had passed; besides, he had asked me to leave and I was obeying him with all my might. The fat man yelled one brief command to halt, then fired. Under the echoing arch the revolver sounded like a sixty-seven-ton cannon, and I jumped a rod, with my back hair bristling. Talk about coolness under fire! It was seventeen degrees below zero, but I wasn't complaining a bit about the cold. The platform seemed interminable. I heard the fat man shout to the mail clerk to lock the door of the safe, then he shot three times more in quick succession, the last reverberating from the roof as I sprang into the road, still clinging to the Lansing bag.

Once out in the street, with a safe distance between me and the door of the station, I paused and waited for the fat man to emerge. I wanted to make terms with him, if possible. The Lansing bag had been the last thrown out of the car, probably because it had been the first thrown in, and as the fat man's task was finished, and as his night's rest was broken anyhow, I thought he might now listen to my pleadings and legitimize my action. He rushed out of the station, the revolver in his hand; trod on the glare ice, and came down like a falling house. This unfortunate accident, which looked just like a picture in a comic paper, caused the fat man to swear ferociously, and I saw that my chances of a compromise had fallen with him. I turned down Larned Street and made for the post-office, only a few blocks away. I feared meeting a policeman, for the possession of a mail bag at nearly three o'clock in the morning would have been an awkward thing to explain, but the force had more sense than to be out a night like that, and Larned Street was as deserted as if it had been one of the thoroughfares of Pompeii. The fat man came around the corner, his revolver empty, thank goodness. He called on me to stop.

"I'm going to land this bag in the post-office," I said.

"I'll land you in jail," he replied encouragingly.

"What good will that do you?"

"It will do you some good."

The fat man was no sprinter. He was already puffing laboriously.

Walking backward all the way, I easily kept a safe space between us, in spite of several brief elephantine dashes on his part. We conversed on interesting topics the length of Larned Street, he giving his opinion of me freely, while I accepted his estimate and replied soothingly. I think I conquered him through his fear of ridicule, for fat men have a sense of humor if not kept up too late at night.

Just as we reached the post-office I said that whatever happened to me he would be the laughing-stock of the town, for, with a loaded revolver, he had allowed an unarmed man to get away with the mail bag of the capital, and this dialogue of ours at three o'clock A. M. down Larned Street had in it elements of the comic, if faithfully reported in a paper of national celebrity. "All right. Give me the bag," he said. I gave him one end of it, not without a fear of being balked at the last, but he made no attempt to have any small revenge on me. Together we walked down the iron steps to the basement of the post-office, and the clerk there, understanding the needs of a newspaper, opened that bag in the quickest time on record and handed me the long envelope.

The City Hall bell tolled three as I sped to the newspaper office. We printed the Governor's message in full next morning, but who that Governor was or what his message was about I do not remember. So passes the glory of the great of this earth.

Now to sum up the case for the defense, I submit that the document in question belonged to us. It was the duty of the United States postal service to deliver that document to us in time to be of use, if such delivery was possible. This fact is recognized by the British post-office, and important journalistic letters are put into scarlet envelopes, and these envelopes are delivered by special messengers to the newspapers at whatever hour of the night or day they are received by the general post-office. Either the fat man or the Postmaster-General was at fault in the case of the Governor's message. If it was not the fat man's duty to take the bag to the post-office at that hour, then the Postmaster-General wasn't attending as he should to the business he was supposed to control. All I did was to jog the elbow of the United States Postal Department.

Professor Brown's Walking-Match

PROFESSOR WILLIAM HARVEY BROWN, whose book upon South Africa is attracting much attention, visited the Dark Continent as a naturalist for the United States Government, as a soldier, trapper and miner. He is an athlete of no mean reputation in college and scientific circles.

In relating some experiences, lately, he told of how he became tangled up in a walking-match. There was an Englishman in the party which the author joined who hailed from Piccadilly, and who thought he could walk faster than a horse could trot. To get even with him all sorts of matches were arranged, including one with the Professor. The two candidates went into training, that of the Englishman being particularly severe by his own request. He did considerable boasting, and backed it up with what was considered "a physique for the part." No one seemed to think Brown would win.

The day of the event arrived and the Professor resolved to face defeat like a man. As the contest began the Englishman darted past the Professor, saying, "I can keep this up forever." The Professor said nothing, but walked off his reply.

The man from Piccadilly spent considerable time shouting remarks about the American, but gradually he began to slacken his speed. Then he was passed by his opponent, who was being shouted at like a wild Indian. When within a hundred yards of the goal the American's victory was certain, and when the end came and the Professor won, the other man was carried off like a crushed jellyfish.

Twenty-Seventh Chapter

IT WAS near daybreak before the last of the prisoners were landed on the island. The rain had ceased for some time, and the wind had gradually abated, though it was still a fine, steady breeze.

As soon as the day broke and enough light was afforded to enable the men to see properly, the body of the unfortunate Badely, which had hitherto been unnoticed owing to the darkness and hurry, was discovered by the horrified crew. It was at once lowered to the deck and then sewed up in a weighted hammock and dropped into the sea, Fairford himself, in default of a chaplain, reading the service. The man had never been popular with the crew of the Narragansett, who had known him as a deserter upon the Constitution; they never forgot that he was an Englishman who had fought against his flag, though on account of the circumstances attending his case they had partially condoned his fault.

A certain pity for his untimely and disgraceful end filled the hearts of the men. Some of them remembered the burden of his complaint that he had been kidnapped on his

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

"Did she mention me?" he said, blushing furiously

wedding day, "an' Polly lyin' swoondin' on the beach." She had waited and watched for him a long time, and now he could never go back to her.

Below, in the sick bay, young Martin was found. He had been popular among all who knew him on account of his cheerful, pleasant ways. As the rugged seamen looked at him as he lay on his face in a hammock, tears of pity and bitterness welled up in many an eye, and anger and determination filled every heart. Beside the hammock in which the hapless man lay moaning they made new resolutions or sternly renewed old vows in a way which boded ill for those sailing under the English flag who crossed their pathway. When, later, they learned of old Martin's fate, the name of that martyr became a watchword, and the favorite war-cry of the men was, "Remember Martin."

When the sun was fairly risen Fairford directed that the anchor be weighed, and the ship was soon sailing through the channel between the island and the shore, passing the sullen Englishmen clustered upon the rocks, and finally coming out into the broad expanse of the great bay.

Eagerly the two officers swept the horizon. There was not a sail in sight. The wind was now scarcely more than a wholesail breeze, and the ship was soon covered with clouds of new and snowy canvas by the eager men. Everything from the mainroyal down was rap-full and doing its work. The speed of the vessel was marvelous, and when she felt the full effect of the breeze she heeled over and took a bone in her teeth, fairly flying through the water.

"Whip along, you old bucket. Heave ahead, you water witch; that's a pace for you," said old Rhodes, leaning over the lee cathead and looking down at the boiling smother of foam tossed aside by the sharp cutwater and thrown up by the spring of the bow.

"What's she makin', d'ye think, Joe?" asked one of the forecastle men. "Eleven?"

"Twelve; twelve knots and more, if she's makin' one."

"She's a flyer and no mistake," said one.

"Ay," said another; "she'll have to be a good one that will ketch us."

"'Tain't that way I'd put it," answered Rhodes; "it'll have to be a good one that we can't ketch. We're out here to run after, not from, things in this old hooker."

"Do you think we'll get any prize money this cruise, Mister Rhodes?" piped little William Cotton, late of the Constitution, who, with his usual precociousness, had intruded himself into the centre of a group of veterans, a thing no other boy on the ship dared to do.

"Prize money, you young swab, you," replied Rhodes grimly, lifting him by the back of his jacket. "If you ain't the most mer—mer—what's the word, shipmates?"

"Mercenarious, ain't it?" said the literary light of the forecastle.

"Ay, that's it. Thankee, mate. If you ain't the most mercenarious little cuss I ever did see. Can't you fight for nothin' but money? Wot did you do with your last prize money you got on the Constitution? Spent it all in foolishness, I'll bet."

"I guv it to my mother, sir. Did you give your's any you got?" said the boy boldly.

"Lord, now, did you?" said old man Rhodes, laying his big hand protectingly on the boy's head; "that was nice on you. I ain't had no mother since I was born. Not many sailor men thinks much about their mothers, I'm afeard."

"Billy, you're wanted aft," said one of the seamen, springing up on the forecastle. "Cap'n wants to see you."

"Come this way, youngster," said Fairford, smiling kindly as the boy stopped before him and nervously saluted. "How old are you?"

"Fourteen, sir."

"Do you think you could wait on two ladies in the cabin while they are on the ship?"

"I guess so, sir," said the boy. "I never did none of it, but I'm willin' to try if they're willin' to have me, and if it don't prevent me from fightin', an' if I git my prize money reg'lar just the same, sir."

"Come along, then. You may fight and get your prize money, too," said the Captain, laughing; and descending the ladder, followed by the boy, he knocked softly at the door of the cabin—his own cabin, by the way.

Sir James opened it cautiously.

"How is she?" said Fairford in deep agitation, it being perhaps two hours since he had dared to ask.

"Sh," said Evelyn, just behind Sir James, laying her finger upon her lips; "I told you not to come here and disturb us; a nice example of obedience you set your officers. Don't speak so loud; she might hear you. She is asleep now. The fever has gone down. When she wakes I think she will be all right again, save for her weariness. I don't believe she will even have a cold."

"Evelyn, who is most proficient in nursing, has taken excellent care of her," said Sir James.

"Did she—did she—know you before she went to sleep?" said Fairford.

"Not at first; but afterward, yes," answered Evelyn.

"What did she say? Did she mention me?" he said, blushing furiously.

"To tell you that would be betraying confidence, I think," replied the English girl gravely. "She may tell you herself, later," she added, smiling. In which assurance he got what consolation he could.

"Well, this," said Fairford, after a moment's hesitation, hauling the boy in view, "is Master William Cotton, commonly called Billy. I have detailed him to wait upon you so long as you are our guests."

"All right," said Evelyn, looking kindly at the agitated lad, "I am sure he will do very nicely." Whereupon he became her devoted slave forever.

"I hope, Fairford, that you can see some way of putting us ashore or transshipping us. I confess I have no wish to make a cruise under the American flag, meaning no disrespect to it, of course."

"I understand you, Sir James. I will certainly do what I can, though what that will be I can hardly foresee, but don't worry. You may get on an English ship before we leave the bay," he added gravely. "We are by no means escaped yet."

"Not that way, I hope," said Evelyn impulsively, observing his deep anxiety and losing sight of her country in her friendship.

Fairford thanked her with a grateful glance and turned away, saying:

"I must relieve Ludlow. The weather bids fair to be lovely, and you and Miss Heathcote must come out on deck, Sir James, after breakfast, which Billy will bring you. We'll do our best for you in that line, but, just at first, that won't be much. Do you suppose Margaret might come, too, if she is able?"

"She will be," said Evelyn promptly, "and then we can all enjoy this glorious morning while we have the chance."

Twenty-Eighth Chapter

TOWARD evening the ship neared the mouth of the bay. She had been hugging the east shore closely, and when she finally shot fairly out into the bay, to weather Cape Charles, Fairford and Ludlow swept the open with their glasses.

Over in Lynn Haven Bay, far to the south of them, a number of ships were lying at anchor in a little cluster. One of them—evidently the man-of-war brig that had pursued them—was hove to. A small frigate was just getting under way. Far out to sea the sails of two ships were barely visible, the ships being hull down beneath the horizon.

On the side of the bay nearest to which they were, and where Fairford proposed to pass, was a small schooner—a patrol boat, evidently—flying the English flag.

The carelessness which had pervaded the anchor watches had extended to the fleet. The English commanders had no suspicion but that the Narragansett had already got to sea. The two cruisers in the offing had been dispatched in pursuit, and therefore but two of the ships in the bay were ready for action, and they only by chance.

The hour which was to determine the final success of their bold adventure had now arrived. All of the little party were on deck. Margaret, pale and languid after her night's experience, though already beginning to recover from it with the recuperative elasticity of youth, was sitting in a chair which had been provided by the already devoted William. Evelyn and Sir James walked the deck at her side.

The low afternoon sun shone across the broad expanse of water, crowning with a crest of sparkling silver each white-capped wave as far as the eye could see. The new vessel

DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD

was like an exquisite picture, and the off-shore breeze sang merrily through the rigging as the ship bowed and curtsied beneath its mighty caress.

The hearts of the two women were filled with sadness. Whenever Evelyn closed her eyes she could see the disordered cabin and the dead body of the English Lieutenant, with whom she had laughed and jested, lying at her feet. The frightful experiences of the previous morning had shocked her greatly, for a thin bulkhead was all that separated her, a pitying woman, from the horrors of Martin's punishment and Cunningham's death. She had been as close to these agonies as comedy is to tragedy.

Margaret's griefs were so tempered with joy that at times she forgot them. Her chief cause of anxiety lay in her vivid appreciation of the suspense under which her father would be until she could get word of her safety to him. When that might be no one could tell. Tears sprang to her eyes from time to time as she thought of her old playfellow, the gallant Clifford; but in the safety of the ship, in the presence of her lover, she found compensation for these regrets.

As the ship came out in the open, Fairford and Ludlow were earnestly talking together.

"I shall hug the shore to port here as closely as I dare on account of the shoal water," said Fairford. "We can't pay much attention to the schooner on the port bow."

"Certainly not," replied Ludlow. "None of the ships over there will be able to get under way quick enough to overhaul us, except that small frigate up toward the river. If she gets within range she may cripple us and enable the other ships to close."

"Ay," agreed Fairford; "and the brig we may also leave out of our calculations. She's slow, probably, like most of those war brigs, and will not dare come near us unless we are crippled."

"What about those two out there?" asked Ludlow, pointing to the offing.

"Let us once get clear of this end of the tangle and I believe we can manage them all right. Besides, they are so far away it would be nightfall before they could possibly get in range. I suspect that one of them is our pursuer of last night, but she'll have to go faster than she did then to catch this bark. Get the men at the braces, Mr. Ludlow," continued the Captain, resuming his quarter-deck manner. "Station some of the oldest and trustiest at the wheel. Better assign some of the best to the guns, temporarily, as well. It's a pity we have only enough for the long twenty-fours at present. Then take your station on the forecastle and give me a sharp word about everything which you may observe."

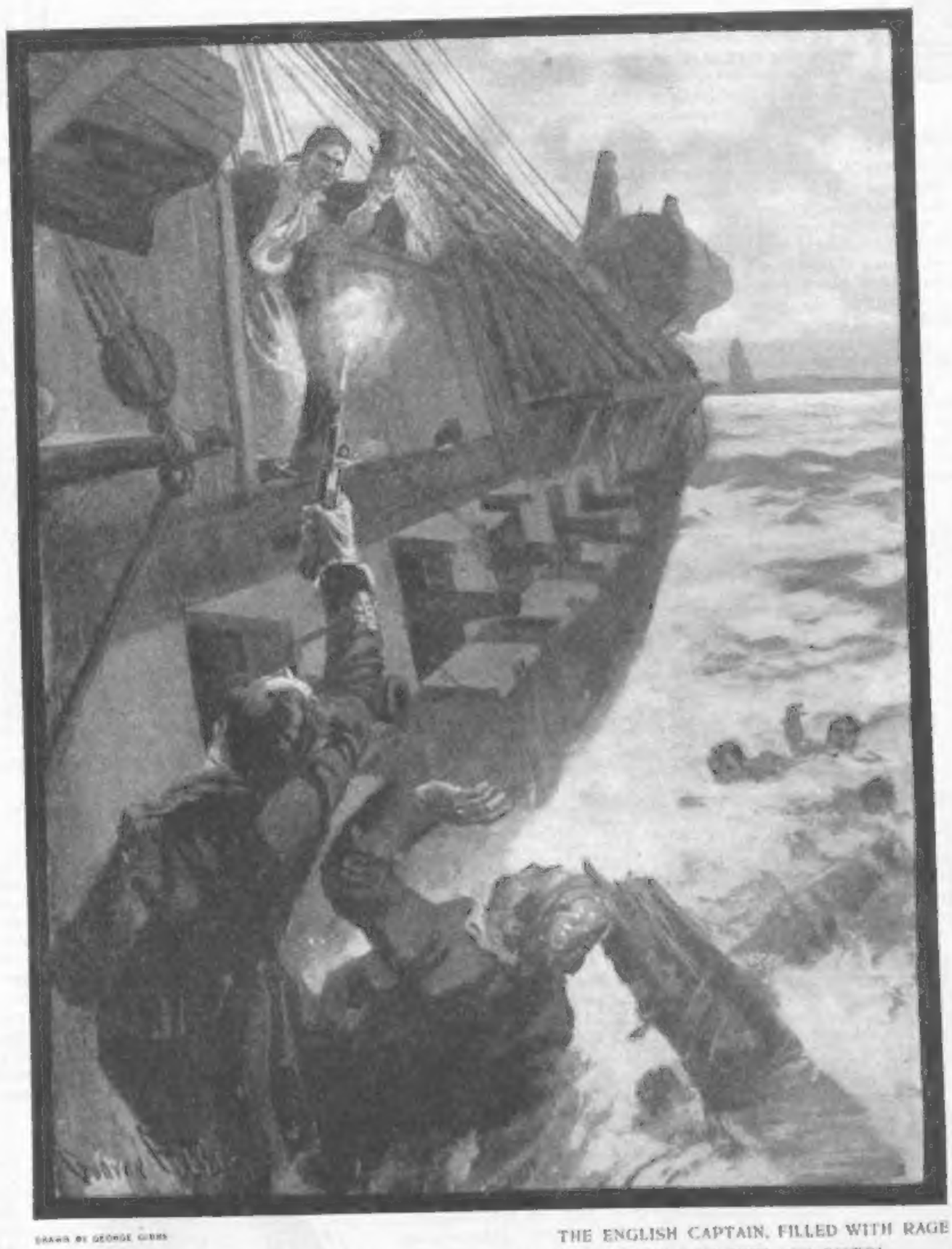
While these commands were being obeyed the Narragansett had been sighted, and the surprised English ships had suddenly awakened to life. Over across the bay the frigate had filled away at once, come by the wind, and was beating up toward them, followed by the brig. Signals were flying on the flagship, a huge liner, and what they had lost by negligence the English bade fair to recover by their prompt manœuvring. Some of the other ships were weighing anchor, evidently, in obedience to the signal, for their yards were soon covered with canvas, and they followed the other two vessels.

The Lieutenant commanding the patrol boat also awakened to action, and the smart schooner, handily sailed, was headed across the supposed path of the American ship. A seaman had been stationed in the main chains of the Narragansett as soon as the water began to shoal, and was heaving the lead. Whirling the heavy piece of metal on the end of the lead-line around his head in great vertical circles, with all the force of his arm he threw it upward and forward through the air in a graceful curve. As the speedy ship drew past the up-and-down line the leadsman announced the depth of the water, which was now shoaling rapidly.

Fairford was sailing over one of the great banks of sand that have been the terror of mariners in these waters from time immemorial. The ordinary ship channel was far over to starboard, but Fairford, not daring to change the direction of his ship for fear of falling into the open arms of the English fleet, steadily held his course.

Meanwhile every expedient to increase the speed of the ship had been resorted to. Tackles had been clapped on the running-gear, the sheets had been hauled home, and the yards masthEaded to the extremest limit, until the sails set like boards. Whips had been rigged, and every sail was kept well wetted down, so as to lose not a capful of wind.

"If I can only get clear of that frigate," said Fairford to himself, "or drive her off before she can do any damage after she gets within range, I shall have a chance. Thank goodness we're the heavier ship. Those fellows over in the bay there are out of the game, and with the whole sea to manœuvre in, and night coming on, we can manage to escape those two yonder, I think."



DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

THE ENGLISH CAPTAIN, FILLED WITH RAGE AND DESPAIR, SNAPPED HIS PISTOL

The two ships at sea, previously uncertain as to his movements, were now attempting to close in upon him, but they were still hull down beneath the horizon.

"What are you afraid of, Blake?" asked Margaret, as he happened to turn and face her.

"Of nothing—nothing for myself—unless it's for you."

"Never mind me. What do you anticipate, I mean? Shall we be able to get away from those ships?"

"Why," said Fairford, "if that frigate out yonder succeeds in getting near enough to us to damage a spar or carry away a mast, she can hold us in play, and we shall be delayed until the others come up and capture us."

"Can't you drive off that smaller ship?"

"Certainly," replied Fairford, smiling; "but you must remember that one little wounded spar might cause our capture by the others."

"I see," murmured Margaret thoughtfully.

"And this one over here to the left?" queried Evelyn.

"Well, we have not worried about her heretofore, though she does appear to loom up rather pluckily. I hardly think she can do much damage, though; but now I must go to my duties. Sir James, you will surely take the ladies below if the bullets begin to fly?"

"Certainly, I'll take care of them; but if you will surrender this ship to me now, as His Majesty's representative—you can hardly escape, you know—I will insure your good treatment on parole and speedy return home by exchange."

"Sir," replied Fairford, turning proudly away, "we did not cut out this ship for the purpose of surrendering her, and we are by no means captured yet."

The schooner was nearing them rapidly. Suddenly her commander threw her up into the wind, and hove to, instead of crossing the bows of the on-rushing frigate as he had intended, judging that the shoal water into which she was running would cause Fairford to shift his helm in order to head toward the open sea. The American vessel would therefore necessarily pass within a short distance of him, and though her broadside would probably sink him, he was willing to sacrifice himself in the hope that a lucky shot might cripple his huge antagonist, and so throw her into the arms of the squadron. It was a bold, desperate manœuvre, and it was met with an equally bold reply. The Narragansett rapidly drew up as if to pass the schooner.

"Shall I send the men to the port battery, sir," called Ludlow uneasily.

"Never mind the battery, sir. We won't use it on this little fellow," said Fairford, leaning over the brenk of the poop and looking ahead.

The Captain then directed the quartermaster at the wheel to cross his order and shift the helm in the direction opposite to the command which would be given—that is, if the helm were ordered to starboard, it was to be put to port, or vice versa. The Narragansett was very near to the schooner now. The men on the latter could plainly be seen upon her flush deck with its low rail, clustered about the six-pounders and the long twelve on a pivot forward. What was the frigate about to do? Why didn't the Yankee change his course, thought the Englishman.

"Ah, now is the time," he ejaculated, as he heard the expected order given loudly:

"Port, hard a-port."

Anticipating that the Narragansett would turn away and bring her broadside to bear upon him, he had instructed his men to aim high and cut a spar.

"Stand by," he shouted.

To his astonishment the unexpected suddenly happened. Instead of swinging to starboard in accordance with the order he had heard, and heading out for the bay, the great bows of the frigate turned swiftly and she came rushing down at full speed upon him.

There was a moment of intense confusion on board the English schooner at this desperate move. The Captain himself sprang to the wheel, shouting orders; the booms of the schooner were swung out, but she hung in the wind and gathered headway very slowly; and the Narragansett, going at full speed, crashed irresistibly into her. An opportune wave at the moment of impact lifted her bow, and her sharp cutwater drove through the frail schooner like a knife.

The startled English crew, dazed by the suddenness of the manœuvre and the contradictory orders they had received, had neglected their opportunity, and the only gun fired was the long Tom, the shot from which carried away one of the quarter boats of the frigate, but did no other damage.

The English Captain, filled with rage and despair at this bitter ending and his fruitless sacrifice, snapped his pistol at the head of a man leaning out over the taffrail aft as the Narragansett, forging ahead, first clove asunder and then ran completely over the little schooner, driving the shattered halves away on either side.

The bullet struck Sir James full in the face, and he pitched forward dead, without a word, and fell from the ship down upon the shattered pieces of wreckage in the water.

Evelyn and Margaret screamed wildly.

"Sir James, Sir James!" cried the former; "he has fallen into the sea! Stop the ship! Lower a boat!" But Fairford, who had been standing near enough to see that the bullet had struck Sir James, knew that his cruise under any flag was ended forever, and shook his head in denial. Had there been a thousand men struggling in the water at the moment he would have paid no heed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"
That are Making HISTORY

The First World Congress of Trade

"Trade is a social act," said John Stuart Mill. If he had been in Philadelphia during the month of October he might have said that it was a sociable act. For the first time in history the commercial representatives of nations and the delegates of commercial bodies in all parts of the world met to discuss the interests and conditions of trade. Forty-two countries, over two hundred organizations, and about five hundred delegates showed the scope of the undertaking—that is, on the program. It had required nearly two years to bring all this about.

Efforts had been made in the same directions in years gone by, but the jealousies and prejudices of commerce had kept the nations apart. There seemed to be a suspicion that if they came together for discussion some would profit from the information imparted by the others; in short, that the delegates might give away the tricks of the trade to their competitors. It seemed almost impossible to convene a group of representative business men from the four corners of the earth, but there is nothing so attractive to the average American as the impossible, and he consequently set forth to accomplish it. There exists in Philadelphia, which is in many respects the greatest manufacturing place in the world, a Commercial Museum, an organization of manufacturers and business men. Largely under its stimulus the first Export Exposition in history was organized and realized, and with this was the Congress of Trade reaching to all parts of the earth. At first, invitations to this Congress were frigidly received, but after a while the countries and the commercial organizations understood that the whole thing was in good faith, and thus came about the Congress which met as an adjunct to the Export Exposition. The purpose was to provide every opportunity for the full and free discussion of all topics affecting international trade by men particularly interested and competent to consider every phase represented.

These topics exceeded one hundred in number, and comprised every side of the great questions which affect the commerce of the world. The Assistant Secretary of State presented the President's welcome. He said: "If the problem of economic distribution could be readily solved there would not exist on the surface of the earth a single human being capable of rendering social service whose legitimate needs could not be satisfied."

The President of the Commercial Museum is Mr. Charles H. Cramp, the head of the famous shipbuilding firm. The address of welcome to the delegates was made by former Senator George F. Edmunds, who declared that the Museum had been established for the diffusion and increase of knowledge of the utility of commerce in all parts of the world, and that its usefulness was intended not only for the United States, but for all the countries of the earth. It was for this reason that effort had been made to bring about the exposition of the manufactured products of the world and the congress of the representatives of the nations. So under these circumstances the first world's Congress of Trade began its sessions.

PHOTO BY GUTEKUNST, PHILA.

CHARLES H. CRAMP

The New Era in Commercial Education

In the very olden times the god of commerce was at the same time the god of thieves. It took centuries to convince merchants and manufacturers that their interests demanded broad training and education, and so it is only in recent years that the organized schooling has become a fad. In other words, the competition that wins in these modern days is drilled, skilled and educated. It is sharpened on the grindstone of knowledge; it is strengthened in the new school of specialization. It is not only up to the times, but is in the front of the general procession. Germany, which had been lagging in such things, by one of the best systems of commercial education in the world snatched a large part of the globe's trade so quickly that England was alarmed.

President Eliot, of Harvard, in his address to the Congress, said: "The successful merchant has to know more to-day than he ever did before, and he has to be more alert and more inventive. Hence his preliminary training should be both more ample and more appropriate than it has been in the past." The necessary languages are English, German, French and Spanish. In all parts of the world the necessity for this training is recognized. Honorable H. Llewellyn Smith, of London, the representative of Her Majesty's Government, in the course of his speech declared: "There is being recognized by the Board of Trade which I represent a department for the diffusion of commercial intelligence, and in this way it is helping in the spirit of commercial improvement." Thus, too, delegates from the far East and from different parts of Europe reported that something was being done in the way of commercial education. This means, of course, that the modern business man, whether he be a drummer selling cotton stuffs to the tribes in Africa, who probably need them very badly, or the agent of enormous interests in large capitals who must encounter keen competition, simply has to be a man thoroughly trained in his business. The coming together of the commercial representatives of nations proved to each that this sort of education is absolutely necessary to the nation which would get its share of the world's trade.

Prosperity Throughout the World

For many months now we have been boasting of our superior prosperity. Unquestionably we have had the right to do this, for it is not only the greatest we have ever known, but the largest in all history. When we think of our exports of over twelve thousand millions a year, or nearly four millions for every business day of the week, we have a right to be proud of our great showing; but it happens that there is not only one prosperous country on the earth.

There never was such prosperity on the other side of the world as there is to-day. Even China, which we have been calling the most hopeless country, is rejoicing in plenty, and is facing a future which it believes to be the best it has ever known. The development of the East is just begun. The new riches are beginning to grow. Of course, Japan is happy in its increase, for it has grown fat upon victory.

From South America came excellent reports, and Mexico was never in better condition. The South American countries, although they have scarcely touched the surface of their possibilities, are doing well. If it had accomplished nothing more the Congress would have more than justified its existence by the showing of good times throughout the world which its delegates have made. This ought to add to the comfort and satisfaction of this country, for while we have abundance it is a joy to feel that the people in other parts of the earth are not suffering because of any surplus we may have.

The Oneness of the Human Race

A very interesting feature of the Congress was the presence on the second day of Honorable Thomas B. Reed, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives. The applause he received was flattering and prolonged. This admirable presiding officer added to his reputation by making a speech of a few minutes' length which was a model. He said in substance: "Whatever doubts may have arisen by reason of scientific discovery or political dispute, I am one of those who claim the faith of my childhood, that God made of one blood all nations of the earth. In His wisdom He did not see fit to make them acquainted, but, on the contrary, that task was left to us. Between the nations He put broad rivers, deserts, mountains and mutual fear. Of all these barriers only mutual fear still lingers. To this generation and the generations to come are presented broader possibilities than were ever extended to any people in the past. All the inventions are harbingers of trade, and trade, when it has its senses, is always the harbinger of peace."

The thought that ran through the subsequent proceedings emphasized the fact that after all there is very much of a oneness in the feelings and aspirations of the great human family, and the speakers from all parts of the world echoed this sentiment. The only representative from Spain declared: "I will go back to Spain and I will have the pleasure to tell my countrymen that I have been among a great nation, with a great and kindly people, where I have found nothing but friendship, none but brothers." This after a war only about a year old assuredly is fine! Then there was the Chinese Minister, representing the nation whose common citizens we have excluded from our borders, and this Minister spoke in the most perfect English, and made one of the best addresses of the conference. He said: "Seven millions of people in Canada are interested in the United States. What would you say of our 400,000,000?" And this representative of the race whom we do not want pled for dignity in the discussions and for the general good.

PHOTO BY GUTEKUNST, PHILA.

FORMER SENATOR EDMUNDS

The Demand for Closer Trade Relations

An American would not be an American if he could not enjoy a good joke upon himself, and this Congress furnished one of the best that has happened for many years. During the first days of the Congress the attendance thinned out and American delegates rushed back to their regular work and left the foreigners to conduct the proceedings. They evidently forgot that the Canadians were on hand. So it happened that while there were between twenty and thirty foreign delegates present and only four Americans, the following resolution offered by a Canadian went through:

> "Resolved, That in the opinion of this Congress the world's commerce would be benefited by the United States extending to other countries the same freedom of trade that those countries extend to the United States."

And that was not all. Another Canadian followed it by a resolution asking for the free exchange of natural products between the United States and Canada. Foreigners, having their own way in the proceedings, quickly adopted both propositions, and the next morning the chief organ of the high-tariff party in Philadelphia had an editorial of over a column in length entitled, The Trade Congress Should Halt. If the Canadians did not have a good hearty laugh over this *coup*, and celebrate it by an extra banquet, they did not fully appreciate the size of their victory. Even the Americans had to smile broadly at the clever manner in which they had been caught.

At the same time, the occasion was more than a shrewd profit of opportunity. All through the Congress there were suggestions and recommendations of broader trade relations, of the pulling down of walls that interfere with commerce, and of the freer dealings between peoples.

On the Other Side of the Globe

We know pretty well what is going on in this part of the world, but there are few who are cognizant of the important changes which have taken place among the great settlements of Australasia. It is a federation of the seven Colonies—New South Wales, Victoria, Australia, West Australia, Tasmania, Queensland and New Zealand—and while one or two of these countries have not yet fully accepted, the ultimate success of the project is assured. Under this arrangement the supreme authority will be invested in a Governor-General appointed by the Queen. There will be an Executive Council, and a Parliament consisting of a Senate and a House of Representatives will make the laws for the entire federation. Each original State will have six Senators, and the representation in the lower branch will be according to population. The capital must be within one hundred miles of Sydney, New South Wales.

One very interesting fact of the Congress was the excellent representation of Australasia, and some of the best speeches were made by these delegates. Dr. J. A. Cockburn, official representative of South Australia, in his speech showed how American methods had been followed on the other side of the world. "I now present," he said, "the original document of the federation of Australia, which I am proud to know will go as a noble heirloom to my posterity. It is signed by the officers of the Federation Congress. Our model has been the United States federation. The most thumbed piece of literature in Australia in the past ten years has been the Constitution of the United States. The grand old Independence Hall of your beautiful city and George Washington have no more enthusiastic admirers than all of the Australians."

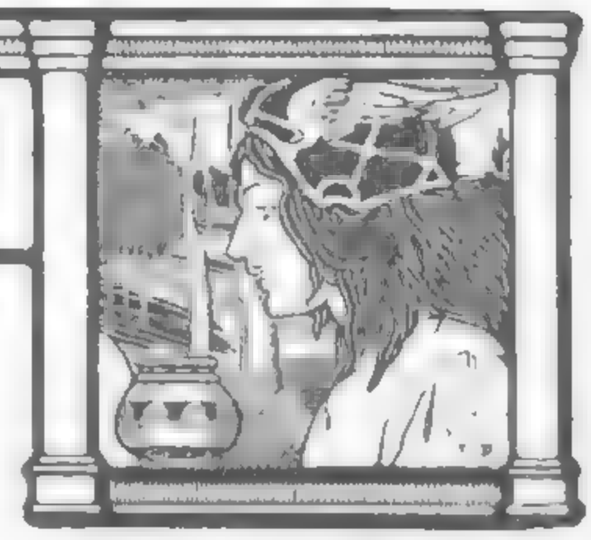
It may be added that the articles of federation were passed by large majorities in all of the provinces.

Opportunities for Wealth Greater Than Ever

The pessimists who cry that all the big opportunities are gone should have heard the testimony of these experienced men from all parts of the world. Invariably they stated that the richness of their resources were just beginning to be known. Diamond fields are being discovered, gold mines are yielding more than ever, prices of timber are higher. It would seem from the facts which were presented that the world has really not begun to grow rich.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries



Labouchere's Earliest Reform

Henry Labouchère, who is always very much in evidence filled many important posts in the Foreign Office, and represented his Government in various parts of Europe with acceptability before entering journalism and Parliament. He was once an attaché in Washington for a few years Thence he went West to study the various Indian tribes, and lived with them eight months

The most notable incident in his diplomatic career occurred when he was attached to the Legation at Berlin. The salaries paid by the Foreign Office in those days were ridiculously small Labouchère found in a short time that his pay was utterly inadequate to meet the necessities of his office. With characteristic courage he wrote to the Home Government. The office in Downing Street was startled by the young man's bluntness. The young attaché reinforced his appeals by letters to the Times and other publications. The Secretary in charge was so worried over the matter that he transferred Labouchère from Berlin to Vienna.

Days passed and weeks, but Labouchère did not arrive at the Austrian capital Berlin and Vienna grew anxious, and first wrote and then telegraphed to the Foreign Office. After an enormous amount of trouble and telegraphing they found that Labouchère was at a little inn in the Black Forest

There was an immediate demand for an explanation of his remarkable conduct. He answered it in his politest manner. He assured the Government that the delay was occasioned by his poverty and the parsimony of the Foreign Secretary; that after paying his bills in Berlin he had not had enough money to take him in proper style to Vienna, and that for economy he had decided to make the journey on foot

This was too much for Downing Street. They sent him a dispatch, half indignant and half apologetic, and inclosed a draft which enabled him to complete his journey in first-class style. Shortly afterward they raised the salaries

Giving Long Unprejudiced Advice

John Luther Long, the well known author of several successful books and the teller of many charming stories, spent the past summer at a quiet resort along the New Jersey coast On his way to his home there he was obliged to stop over one night at Seabright, and this story is told of his little visit He was recognized by several people, and when he entered the dining-room one of them came forward and asked him to occupy a seat at his table. He was quietly introduced as Mr. Long and his literary reputation did not enter at all into the presentations. He was placed beside a very beautiful and charming young lady, and after a while the conversation developed somewhat as follows: "Mr. Long, your name is quite familiar. I have run across it somewhere very recently

"There are a great many Longs," he said

No, but I mean that I have read something somewhere. Oh yes, I remember; it was a story called The Fox Woman. Do you know who wrote it?

Mr. Long was blissfully ignorant "Yes, I am sure that was it," she said.

"It may be by a relative. What did you think of it?"

She gazed at him earnestly and replied, "Don't read it.'

HON. CHARLES CURTIS

The Two Fads of Joseph Chamberlain

Long before the Transvaal trouble, the Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain present Minister of State for the British Colonies, was famous the world over for two things his orchids and his monocle His costly collection of orchids is one of the finest in the world. It is said that once in Paris he saw a rare orchid the duplicate of one he had recently added to his own collection He asked the price

Twenty thousand francs,' replied the dealer

The Englishman paid the money, and then, throwing the flower on the floor, crushed it with his heel. However reliable this incident may be, the following is vouched for: Since boyhood Mr. Chamberlain has worn a monocle. When the young man first entered Parliament his fame as a municipal reformer had preceded him. Among the visitors who were present on that occasion were Lords Beaconsfield and Carnarvon. The commoner had won his election to the House by his vigorous opposition to the great Conservative's methods. As he came into the chamber Lord Carnarvon leaned forward and said

"Here comes young Chamberlain

'Ah!" replied Beaconsfield as he took in the young man from tip to toe

'What do you think of him?'

He wears his monocle like a gentleman replied the Premier

The Indian Congressman

One of the Republican leaders of Kansas is Charles Curtis, of Topeka, well known as the "Indian Congressman" and the Indian Prince." Both nicknames are based on truth. Though of New England descent upon his father's side, on the mother's he is a direct descendant of Louis Gonvil, the chief of the Kansas Indians He is essentially a self made man

He was bootblack, newsboy, railway sandwich peddler, hack driver jockey and hostler. In these varied callings he made enough money to support and educate himself and to help his family. When he was sixteen years old, a turfman who had seen the boy ride offered him $75 a month and expenses to ride for him. The temptation was great, but the boy, advised by his old Indian grandmother, refused it and devoted himself to his studies. He worked his way through school and then studied law with Judge Case. He was admitted to the bar in 1881. He was elected to Congress in 1892

Offered to Teach Jessie Davis

Jessie Bartlett Davis, who has been prominently before the music loving public since the days of the Church Choir Pinafore Company, denies the report that she intends to retire from the operatic stage On the contrary, it is probable that she will head a company of her own before the close of the present year. Unlike many opera singers, Mrs. Davis has made it a practice to attend church services on Sunday whenever possible. Once she went to a local revival meeting. The music was led by an angular young woman, astonishingly clad, and gifted with one of the most stridently discordant voices Mrs Davis had ever heard. Her singing was so bad that it fascinated her, but, nevertheless, it seemed to delight others in the congregation

Immediately after the sermon, an old man who shared her pew showed great interest in her, and turned with a satisfied smile and said:

"I knowed you at once. You are one of them opery singers that gave that show last night in the opery house? I thought so. Well, that girl that led the singin', she's my darter, and she's the best all round singer in the State. And say, if you know any one that wants music lessons, send 'em to her. She gives vocal and peanny lessons for a quarter apiece. You don't want to take no lessons, do you? She's great on trills."

Mrs. Davis thanked him, but, fortunately for her career, she declined his well-intended offer

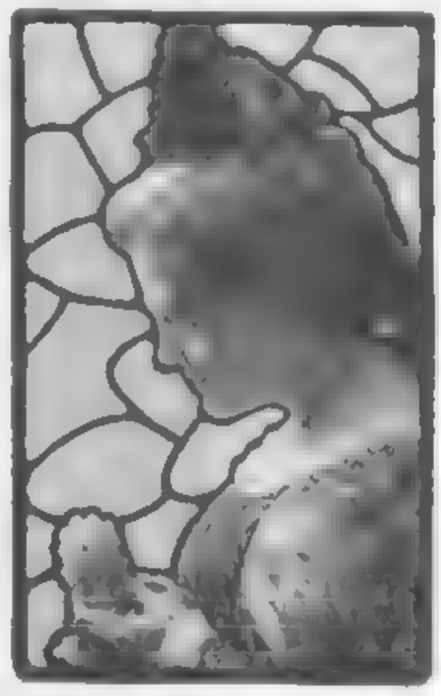


PHOTO BY PACH BROTHERS, NEW YORK

JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS

The New Senator from Texas

Senator Charles A Culberson, who succeeded the Honorable Roger Q. Mills in the United States Senate at the December term, is a native of Alabama, and son of the Honorable David B Culberson, who for twenty years represented the Fourth Texas District in the lower house of Congress. Senator Culberson is a man of fine physique

His first entry into Texas politics was in 1890, when he was nominated by the Democratic party for Attorney-General of the State. He was elected, and in 1892 reelected without opposition. In 1894 he became a candidate for Governor Pitted against him were Judge John H. Reagan, ex Senator of the United States from Texas, the only surviving member of Jefferson Davis' Cabinet, and Honorable S W T Lanham, who had served his district for ten years in Congress Senator Culberson was successful

Shortly after his induction into office he attracted national attention by defying the promoters of the Corbett Fitzsimmons prize fight in their announced intention to bring about a meeting of the two pugilists on Texas soil By this action he incurred the enmity of the sporting element of the State and became derisively known among that class as the "Young Christian Governor." His administration was remarkably successful, and he was given a second nomination in 1896 Populism was quite strong in Texas at that time and the Populist State Committee effected a fusion with the Republicans, supporting the Populist State ticket in return for Republican electoral votes. The contest was very heated Most of the Populist strength had been recruited from the Democratic party, and for several weeks the result was in doubt. Governor Culberson took the stump, sent a trusted lieutenant to Democratic headquarters, and gave personal attention to the campaign. His majority was nearly 60,000 In 1898 he became a candidate for the United States Senate

Senator Culberson was a successful lawyer before he became Attorney General. He is married but has no children. He is very domestic in his habits and greatly devoted to his wife. He is now in his forty fourth year

JOHN LUTHER LONG

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Mr. Cannon Quotes the Bible. George Q. Cannon, the Utah statesman, takes a deep interest in irrigation, and is a regular attendant at the congresses which are held in the far West to discuss that subject. At one congress a drowsy delegate read a paper on artesian wells, which he declared always brought water except when they struck a rock. He repeated this statement several times. At the fourth repetition he defied any one to deny the proposition Cannon looked up and in his full musical voice asked,

How do you account for Moses' success?

A Friendly Suggestion.—Ex Judge Augustus Van Wyck was an able and popular member of the Supreme Court Bench Though always dignified when presiding in court, he occasionally waived the rule by a little quiet fun. A pompous and loud-voiced lawyer rose one morning in chambers

"This, if the Court please, is a curious case. I am retained in it——" here he paused for a word. There was a painful silence, ended by the Magistrate's inquiry

Is it curious for you to be retained in a case?"

Changed His Name Wisely.—When Commodore Rodgers, United States Navy, was in charge of a recruiting station after the close of the war, he received an application

"What is your name?" asked the Commodore gruffly

Don Emilio de Sanco Razanini," was the reply

No, sir," answered the Commodore. "I take no man in the United States Navy with a name like that. Go away and get a better name if you want to enlist."

The next day, bright and early, the same man reappeared, and in a soft, foreign voice said his name was "Frederick Rodgers." And this time he was accepted

The CZAR of Newfoundland

By W. A. Fraser

IN THE fifteenth century Giovanni Caboto was born in Genoa. In the nineteenth century Robert Gillespie Reid was born in Scotland. This is what they did for the oldest Crown colony in America—Newfoundland. In 1497 Giovanni, who had become expatriated and translated into John Cabot in England, accompanied by twelve English sailors discovered Newfoundland. For this he received a yearly pension of £20. To-day no man knows where Cabot lies buried.

For four centuries after Newfoundland was discovered there was little beyond that fact to attract the eyes of the world toward her. Fishermen caught her fish, politicians wrangled over her almost empty coffers, and occasionally [illegible] rock banks loomed up through the gray fog before the eyes of the passengers on some [illegible].

In 1890 Newfoundland was again discovered by Mr. Reid. And herein lies the difference between the Genoese and the Scot; the one was a receding, the other an ever-advancing figure; for Mr. Reid is of the nation that has taken the boy's shinny-stick and set the world playing golf.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ISLAND CZAR

Mr. Reid's father was an owner of small woolen mills in Scotland, but the thing that was to conquer was in the son and he went to the gold-fields of Australia. That was nearly fifty years ago. His first taste of work was among rocks. To-day he is king over a mineral bearing domain of five million acres. That first taste was a contract to build a stone bake-oven in the gold fields. He had two partners. They backed down when the contract had been taken, but this man of persistence, then but a boy, carried it through. Since that time Mr. Reid's life has been spent among rocks—enormous stone bridges, cañon like rock cuts, mountain arched tunnels; these have been his favorite companions.

In his time he built the masonry for all the bridges on the Southern Pacific Railway. In Texas on the San Antonio route, all the bridges across the Colorado down to Laredo were built by Mr. Reid. At Austin, the treacherous bottom and rapid current had baffled the builders who held the contract for a railroad bridge at that place. Time and time again they tried it, but failed. Then a gentle, quiet-mannered Scotsman said, in few words, that he thought he could succeed. He was given a chance. In two weeks he had one pier above water; and as successive days grew into successive weeks, successive piers grew into being until the whole was complete. That man was Reid, the present "Czar" of Newfoundland. But only half of his energy was being devoted to that [illegible]. At the same time he was constructing a [illegible] bridge across the Delaware at the Water Gap.

At Eagle Pass, across the Rio Grande, the stone and iron leaped in measured arches because of Reid, and for 150 miles down into Mexico you will find the sign manual of the man's energy in bridge monuments. To the Delaware Water Gap bridge clings a story characteristic of the straightforward policy of this man of stone. The contract had been taken by another man, the terms were arranged; he persuaded Reid to join him in the work, and his name was associated with the taking of the contract, though he had not signed the documents.

Before work started Mr. Reid went to the location, and, after looking carefully into the matter said to his partner: "We shall lose about $15,000 over the job." The next morning the partner had disappeared. The bridge was built by Mr. Reid alone, at a loss of $15,000—but it is a good bridge.

Some years later the partner that-was-not turned up in Canada and asked Mr. Reid in a shamefaced way for some minor contracts on a work. He replied "No!" That was all the conversation he ever addressed to the man who had left him in the lurch—no upbraidings, only "No!"

MORE OF MR. REID'S ENGINEERING WORK

On the northern shore of Lake Superior the Canadian Pacific Railway cobwebs its way over fairy trestles and through rock cuts along the granite heights of the Laurentian Rocks. These towerlike bridges are absolutely safe—they were built by Reid. While at this work Reid was the autocrat of the Jack Fish Bay region. If he said so it was so. It was there that a little of the lion that lies asleep in this gentle Scotsman showed forth.

A man who had traveled on the strength of his extreme toughness wished to start a business of questionable desirability. He went to Reid's office to ask permission. Mr. Reid was leaning over his office counter writing. The tough man stated his case, the man behind the counter said "No!" and continued writing. The tough man proceeded to strengthen his case by a torrent of abuse directed at the quiet man so busy with his pen. Mr. Reid is a tall man with a long reach, and he utilized that reach with a celerity that sent the tough man, with amazing swiftness, through the clapboard side of the office shack. Then he proceeded with his writing and the tough man dropped out of Jack Fish society.

Sir William Van Horne, President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who judges men as though he had his eye at their brain-cells when they think, said to the writer: "Reid was the most satisfactory contractor that ever had anything to do with the Canadian Pacific Railway. He built the Lachine bridge at Montreal, three-quarters of a mile long, in less than a year for us, when it looked like a two-years' job at least."

One of the largest bridges in America is across the Grand Narrows, in Cape Breton. It is 1745 feet long, and the piers rest in seventy-six feet of rushing, swirling water. It was a serious problem. One morning Mr. Reid looked at the water-cut land through his mild, blue eyes and said: "I will leave it ready for the rails for $620,000." And he did; now the train rushes over it as though the ties were laid on basalt.

All this time, by easy grades, Reid was coming into his own, the Czarship of Newfoundland. His was a triumphant march of work well done.

For the Intercolonial Railway, in Cape Breton, he undertook to build, and hand over complete, ready for the roll of stock, forty-six miles of line. This included stations, round houses and three bridges—one 940 feet long and eighty-two feet high. Of course there was no hitch in the work. It was but a step hewn in the rock of success. Eighty-six miles of railway builded in Algoma, and other large contracts, were but successive steps in this same granitic rock of success.

In 1890, as I have said, this Robert Gillespie Reid, who had gone from that first bake-oven contract in Australia to the position of a millionaire contractor, trusted and admired by everybody, discovered Newfoundland. John Cabot, the

ROBERT GILLESPIE REID

Genoese, discovered it and sailed away; Robert Reid, the Scot, discovered it and remained.

THE "CZAR'S" SHREWD RAILROAD DEAL

He took a contract from the Newfoundland Government to build 200 miles of narrow gage railway and fit it out with rolling stock as a complete going concern. For this I received $15,600 per mile, paid in three-and-one half per cent. Government bonds. Later the railway was extended 284 miles farther, to Port aux Basques, on the same conditions. This gave Newfoundland a trans island line from the east to the west, and placed it in touch with the rest of the American world. The Newfoundland officials never successfully managed anything in connection with the running of the country, so it was a foregone conclusion that the railway would prove nothing but a great eater up of public funds. Mr. Reid stepped into the breach. He undertook to operate the railway in a businesslike manner for ten years for a remuneration of 5000 acres per mile, this land to be selected in alternate blocks of ten miles deep by one of five miles wide on the railway face.

Three years of the carrying of a small continent on his shoulders discovered to Mr. Reid that ten years was too short a space of time in which to lift this country from the slough of despond where it had lain for centuries, and because of that knowledge a new treaty was concluded. Mr. Reid took over all the railways of Newfoundland, some 640 miles, to operate for fifty years. He got an increased land grant of 2500 acres per mile—nearly 5,000,000 acres—and a yearly subsidy of $80 per mile for carrying the mails. At the end of fifty years the railway was to become the property of R. G. Reid & Sons. For these few words written in the treaty he paid $1,000,000 in cash. Practically, he bought the railway back; and because of these things it is printed on the folder of the Newfoundland Railway, "R. G. Reid, Proprietor." That is something to think of—not President, not Superintendent, but *proprietor*, absolute! The names of his three sons figure beneath as the chief officials.

HOW THE REIDS LIGHTED ST. JOHN'S

This is the history of the king coming into his own. Everything in St. John's dates from an epoch; it is either from the time of the big fire or the coming of the Reids. St. John's was badly lighted, though that did not matter, for the people liked to sleep; but no man sleeps too much where the Reids are, and W. D., the eldest son, took up the matter. For a year their engineer, G. H. Massey, a man of equal ability, measured the fall of the streams and patrolled the surrounding country in search of the power to light St. John's by electricity. Rushing rapidly away from the city, and throwing its wasted force into the Atlantic at the beautiful fishing village of Petty Harbor, was a strong running stream. A bit was put into its mouth and its force harnessed to a dynamo that will send over a copper wire to St. John's 2700 horse-power.

A gigantic flume, built of timber sawed in R. G. Reid's own mills, carries the stream along the mountain-side nearly three quarters of a mile and then drops it sheer for 185 feet through the turbine wheels. This same power will run the electric street car system which the Reids are putting in St. John's. When I was there, after my cabman had despoiled me outrageously for three consecutive days, he remarked plaintively that he would have to get a job as motorman, for the days of his pillage were numbered.

The streets of St. John's are being paved with granite blocks brought from quarries owned by Mr. Reid. All things are to be good and substantial, for the Czar will reign for half a century.

The dry dock, one of the largest in America, 640 feet long, with twenty-seven feet of water on the sill, and which cost the Government $640,000, was a ruinous toy in the hands of the Executive; but the broad shoulders of the Reids accepted the burden—they bought it. Now, besides the dry dock, a splendid new railway station is to be built. The one set of shops will do the work of the dry dock and railway. System and well-directed effort will probably turn the loss into profit.

THE REIDS AS HOTEL KEEPERS

The hotels of St. John's leave much to be desired. R. G. Reid & Sons will gratify that desire. Where the old station now stands a fine new hotel is to be built. H. G. Reid, one of the sons, remarked to the writer: "We don't like to go into the hotel business, but the traveling public *must* be made comfortable."

That is the keynote of the railroad policy: "the public must be made comfortable." How well they carry out this policy a trip from Sydney to St. John's over their steamer and railroad will demonstrate.

The cuisine in the buffet-car is a revelation. A broiled beefsteak such as is not surpassed in the best hotel in New York will be served, not as a favor, but as a matter of course. Many an exclamation of delighted surprise I heard on my trip over their line. It is simply the same careful supervision that obtained the best stone and cement for the bridge work that now reaches out even unto beefsteaks. These men, R. G. Reid & Sons, who own 640 miles of railway, eight steamers, a dry dock, a street railway, saw mills and 5,000,000 acres of mineral land, know just what sort of a beefsteak you are getting for breakfast on their train.

Newfoundland has all the things needed to make it the tourist's and sportsman's paradise. The streams and lakes throng with salmon and trout, grouse and ducks, geese and curlew wait for the gun; and on "The Barrens," in September and October, the caribou may be seen from the train. When I crossed, the train carried many American tourists, and they all seemed to be laying plans for a more extended return trip another year. One day I stood talking to W. D. Reid in his office in St. John's. Close to my feet

was a covered basket. "Open it," he said. I did so, and there I saw two of the most beautiful creatures in the world two shimmering, gold and crimson spotted brook trout, weighing over four pounds apiece, nestled in a bed of soft, gray moss. They were a present from a man who had fought against the Reid treaty tooth and nail; in the press and out he had inveighed against this "iniquitous deal," as he called it, "that had presented a small continent to a grasping millionaire." That was his public stand, but the trout indicated that personally nothing was too good for the Reids

The big deal had not been put through without terrific opposition. Political capital had been made out of it, and Mr. Reid had been likened to a commercial Cæsar whom it would be a public duty to slay The quiet persistence of the man is well illustrated by the following incident. A politician that assailed Mr. Reid energetically in his office; had talked loud and vigorously, and had related to some friends how he had laid into the big man. A friend hearing this hastened to repeat to Mr Reid what he had heard. Reid only nodded his head in acquiescence. "But what did you say?" asked the friend impatiently. "Nothing," replied this man of few words; "I just looked into the fire."

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CZAR'S DOMAIN

THE IRATE CAR CLEANER'S LITTLE MISTAKE

To him there are things that do not matter. He [illegible] into his car shops one day. A car-cleaner was brushing up one of the beautiful sleepers. The cleaner saw a stoop shouldered man place his back against the car and rest contentedly. The sight raised his ire. With full flavored vocabulary he gave expression to his wrath and drove the old man away, calling him a misguided gout for putting his dirty old back against the beautiful car. The old man moved silently away. It was R. G. Reid, the proprietor of the railway. But no ill came to the cleaner, neither any remonstrance

Many stories are told of his silent manner of doing good. His son, W. D. Reid, inherits this habit also Once he stopped the greater part of a blast of rock with his face. This slightly marred the contour of his features, but there is a story attached to that blast which would make the ugliest man beautiful in the eyes of the world One of the men had been killed, and when Reid who had been stunned for a few minutes, recovered consciousness, his first thought was for the feelings of the dead man's widow. "Break it to her gently, boys,' he said. "Tell her first that he is sick, and I'll try to tell her the truth later." Then he insisted on their first looking after another man who had been hurt. "Don't bother about me," he said.

SOME OF MR. REID'S GIGANTIC ENTERPRISES

A mighty personality is this R. G. Reid. Silent, self contained, gentle as a woman; physically racked and tortured by rheumatism—a rheumatism bearing terrible evidence of the intensity of the man's nature; a rheumatism engendered by hours of exposure in ice-cold water while watching the completion of a critical piece of work, quietly shouldering the burden of a small continent's struggle; coming not empty-handed, but putting his hard earned millions into the scale to tip it the way of prosperity. It is not the reckless gamble of a man suddenly possessed of unfamiliar wealth; it is the deliberate investment of a conscientiously careful man, who is the architect of his own fortune. To-day he has building in Scotland seven steamers to put the coasting trade of the island on a proper footing Plans are drawn up for a gigantic pulp mill. For this mill he has unlimited spruce, unlimited water power, unlimited iron pyrites. Every few days one of his numerous mining engineers brings in a sample of some mineral gathered from the 5,000,000 acres which are his. Copper, iron, gold, galena, coal, petroleum, these and other minerals are contained in that 5,000,000 acre farm. It is a mighty undertaking: its tremendous responsibilities make all men wish him success

Well may he be called the Czar of [illegible]

THE PENNILESS MILLIONAIRE

By Captain Musgrove Davis

(CHARLES O. SHEPARD)

"NO, SIR, I can't do it. I m very sorry, but it is against orders."

"But this is an exceptional case

"Oh, yes, they are all 'exceptional,' these cases, but just the same, I have been left in the lurch so often that I positively decline to repeat the [illegible]

"But I will leave you my watch and rings, and I assure you that I tell nothing but the truth"

"I'm not disputing your word, sir; but I am forbidden to take such things, and I say again, it can't be done I have my instructions, and I shall be obliged to put you in the steerage. You say you have $16 Well, give me that." The money was handed over

Boy, show this man to the steerage steward"

Such was the conversation I overheard between Purser and passenger aboard an Atlantic greyhound on our first day out from New York. Naturally I glanced a second time at the hapless passenger as without another word he turned and walked with dignity past me toward the steerage. It was evident he had no intention of appealing to the Captain; nor would that recourse have been likely to avail him, for every year matters of this kind are left more and more to the Purser, his superior officer being sufficiently occupied with the navigation of the ship and the government of the crew

The Purser and I were old friends and traveling companions; indeed, I was at that moment on my way to his familiar little paneled and portrait lined room for a bit of a visit Therefore I felt free to ask him what the row was

Oh, the same old game of no money; came on board at the last moment in response to a cable; will pay when he gets ashore, and so forth. Not much! Been sold too often."

"But, Kenshaw, that man's face inspires me with great confidence. He looks like a gentleman, and he bore himself like a thoroughbred. Didn't you notice it?'

"Yes, yes; but that's the dodge. I know 'em. Don't you waste good sympathy on that fellow. The more gentlemanly looking, the greater rascals, generally."

"Well," I said, "tell me his name, anyway

"Oh, certainly; King."

At length I arose and went on deck. It was a glorious afternoon. The ship was bowling along at the rate of twenty knots an hour, a fine breeze was blowing, and the salt air acted like champagne upon my nerves and spirits. Passing forward and over the bridge, I reached the forecastle deck. I was really looking for King, but with no definite plan regarding him. Sure enough, there he was, seated on an anchor-stock and staring ahead into space. Stepping to his side, I said.

Do you feel at home here, Mr. King?"

The man turned, exclaiming with wide-open eyes: "Good Heavens! Do you know me?"

"No," I answered; "but somehow I want to."

MR. W. D. REID

"Well," was the reply, "you seem to know my name, at all events. May I ask you to explain yourself? Are you in the steerage, too?"

"No," said I; "and if you won't think me impertinent, I want to know why you are."

King looked at me for a few seconds with a strange expression, and then answered: "I'll swear I'm not here for amusement. Have you an object in asking, or are you simply gratifying idle curiosity?"

"Mr. King," said I, "I may be a fool, and you may be an adventurer, but I don't believe so. I came out of sincere interest. I heard your brief but pointed conversation with the Purser, and I can't get you off my mind. That there is something peculiar in your position is evident; that there is a good explanation, I believe. To show my good faith I give you my card. Tell me what's wrong"

Immediately his glance fell to the deck. He remained thus for half a minute or more, and when he raised his great, brown, honest, manly eyes to mine there was just a suspicion of moisture in them, although his only remark was. "Well, I'll be hanged if I understand this sort of kindness." Then, after a few moments' hesitation

'Captain Davis, I am in a false position. I am abundantly able to travel in the cabin; but, no matter what I have somewhere else, I haven't anything here I won't even tell you who I am, for you would not know but that I was lying I don't blame the Purser, for I presume I should do just as he did if our positions were reversed. I have nothing to ask, for I can stand these seven days. I have roughed it pretty well in different parts of the world, and my present accommodations, I must confess, are palatial compared with some I have had. The real hardship is to be suspected of sailing under false colors. However, as I say, I can stand these few days. Why, during the war a Major General would have been delighted with such quarters.

"Were you in the Army, then?" I queried

'Yes: were you?"

"I was."

'What regiment?'

Fifteenth New York

Great Scott! Why, I was in the Twenty third myself Did you know Colonel Barney?"

"I should say I did!'

"Well, well; sit right down. I'll tell you all I know We've something to go upon now. The Fifteenth? The deuce you say! How is old Colonel Ransom?"

By the time I had satisfied his interest in the old Colonel and others of the regiment, King seemed to feel that he could talk to me without reserve

"I am," said he, "a partner in diamond mines at the Cape of Good Hope, whither I drifted after the war. Yesterday afternoon at half past three, in the Astor House restaurant, a messenger handed me a delayed cable message telling of a shipment of rough diamonds which I must meet at Hatton Garden, London, without fail, on the twelfth. The steamer was to sail at four; I was alone, the banks were closed, and my hotel was half an hour away. By the time I had made up my mind what to do and had telegraphed an order to have my traps sent on by next steamer it was twenty minutes to four. I took a cab and reached the pier just five minutes before the plank was hauled in, and here I am. I have, or had, nineteen dollars. I told the Purser sixteen because I must have something to buy of the stewards enough linen to last me across

"Now, my friend, I ask nothing. I have only told an old comrade the truth, strange as that truth may seem. If nothing worse than this ever happens to me I sha'n't suffer; only, it is not very amusing

It happened that I had a cabin to myself. I went to the Purser and paid the extra sum which would enable me to share it with King. Kenshaw assured me that I was an idiot, but I didn't believe him. I was convinced through and through of the man's honesty. It was with considerable difficulty, though, that I finally induced him to become my guest for the voyage

I found my cabin mate a most agreeable companion, and I was truly sorry to part with him at Liverpool There I bought his railway ticket to London and bade him good by. All he said to me was

"I shall not be profuse in thanks to you. I do thank you however, and you may possibly hear from me

I did hear from him. Hardly had I arrived at my destination when a draft came for the full amount of my advance, and with it a note containing an urgent invitation to dine at the Voyagers Club in London on a certain evening, and asking particularly that I call at No. 9 Hatton Garden during the afternoon of the appointed day.

When, accordingly, the cab put me down at the designated number, I found myself confronted by a heavy iron grating, behind which stood a man, armed and in uniform. I named my friend of the diamond mines.

You are right, sir," was the reassuring answer, "but will you kindly give me your card?"

A boy hurried away with it, and I heard door after door [illegible]ck behind him as in a prison. Presently he returned, accompanied by Mr. King, who, on seeing me, exclaimed. "I wanted to make sure it was you. Come in."

The iron door creaked on its hinges, and we passed on through a succession of similar barriers until we reached a snug but prisonlike office. Here I saw strewn on a table one or two quarts of rough, black looking pebbles, and I was informed that I was looking on the very shipment of rough diamonds which had been the cause of King's sudden sailing

Then from the safe were brought for my inspection diamonds, cut and uncut, in quantities that I should hardly have imagined to exist outside of King Solomon's mines.

We dined at the Voyagers royally. King nearly killed me with kindness before he would let me go, and one of the purest diamonds I have ever seen now sparkles on my wife's finger as his parting acknowledgment of an unexpected service.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

November 11, 1899

$2 50 the Year by Subscription

5 Cents the Copy of all Newsdealers

The Man Who Saved a City

ON THE rim of the old continent a battle is being waged —without banners or drums—that has finer qualities of heroism than any war of the century. At Oporto, in Portugal, they are fighting the pest. The captains of the little army are doctors, most of them young men from London and Paris, New York and Berlin

It is very strange——

Because the Hindu believes that the sacred waters of the Ganges will bear him to Paradise, the cholera, bred in the infected stream, destroys some city in far-away Canada—kills thousands who never heard of Buddha; and because the Mohammedan throngs to the black stone of Mecca the pest clamors at the doors of Europe. In some Asian hovel a man defies the elemental laws of health and the punishment falls on another man going quietly about his business half the world away. All this is strange and—to one who has the habit of thinking—terrifying. It gives one a new idea of the brotherhood of man. It extends the limit of one's own responsibility for good or ill to an almost measureless extent

Oporto is much like every other city, the men who deal and traffic there are like other men, neither better nor worse—and this is the tragic part of what follows When the pest was discovered the merchants held a public meeting and passed resolutions declaring there was no pest. The newspapers acquiesced. The city entered into a conspiracy of silence. Always the pest grew. The victims were slipped into midnight graves. Ships entered the harbor and sailed away There was every possibility that the pest would spread through Europe, journey to England and America in the holds of Portuguese freighters.

That it did not was due to one man—a young doctor of Oporto. It is good to recognize the fact that always in an emergency the one man is found. Doctor Jorge—the name is that of a hero—would not lend himself to the deception. He warned Europe of the danger. He summoned the expert physicians of the world to come and help him fight the pest.

That night the citizens of Oporto looted his house, stoned him in the streets, and only by accident did he escape assassination. It was his reward for telling the truth. The merchants and traders saw their business ruined, their affairs at a standstill, their ships rotting at the deserted quays—why should they care for the rest of the world? Business begins at home; charity ends there. They stoned the man who cared more for humanity than for the trade of their town.

One man has saved Europe from the pest, and that is well. I should like to think that Oporto is a bad exception to the humanity of other cities; that it alone inherits the Carthaginian spirit; that nowhere else trade is first and morality second, but is it? —VANCE THOMPSON.

The world is crowded with people who can do anything, but all its big salaries are waiting for those who can do something

The Making of Parties

WE NATURALLY expect our new colonies to follow American habits, but there may be such a thing as too much imitation. It looks somewhat that way in Cuba. So far, twelve separate, distinct political parties have been formed, and the work goes merrily on. Just how many will succeed in organizing before they become a part of the United States is a matter of interesting guesswork. In Porto Rico the following of American precedents is being faithfully done. It stretches the mind to the breaking off point to try to imagine what will be the result when peace is secured in the Philippines, and when the agile intellects of the natives begin to grasp the marvelous possibilities of free government and popular politics In this country every man has a right to start a new creed or a new party

Before the Revolution there were two political parties in America, the Whigs and Tories. After that war the Whigs divided, and then one of the divisions divided into two more parties. Since that we have had the Federal, 1787–1816; the Democrat Republican, 1793–1828; the Democratic from 1828 to the present; the Whig, 1834–1854, and the Republican from 1854 until now, but there have been between twenty and thirty other parties, nearly all of which have disappeared excepting the Prohibition, which was formed from the Greenback, formed in 1874, which became the Union Labor party in 1887; the Populist, formed in 1891; the Socialist-Labor, formed in 1893, and the Silver and Fusionist

The Congress that will open in December will consist of Republicans and Democrats and eighteen men of other attachments, eleven of whom are Populists, four of whom are Silver, two of whom are Independents, one of whom is a Fusionist There have been some very picturesque party names during the century, from Barnburners to Doughfaces, from Half Breeds to Loco-Focos, from Hunkers to Mugwumps. It is quite likely that in their multiplication of parties our new allies may unite the two languages in order to get sufficient names for purposes of distinction. Certainly the English language does not seem to be equal to the strain. Out of the combination there ought to be some interesting results. Thus the student of politics will of necessity grow to be more or less of a philologist. It is another illustration of the party spirit springing up like weeds in the field of free government. Washington warned against it in his memorable farewell address. Among other things he said: "It exists in different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled or repressed, but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness and is truly their worst enemy."

Smaller parties undoubtedly affect the larger organizations which trim to the breezes to catch what votes they can; but it is the verdict of a century or more of politics that the people of this country prefer two contestants. In most of their elections, like a courting match, there is always a lot of trouble when there is a third party around. Consequently, while it may take some time to get the surplus in the new islands reduced, the voters there may eventually come down to the usual American plan. —LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

The citizen who does not vote in off years has no cause to complain if the general elections go against his liking.

Neighborliness in Cities

THE rapidly increasing population of our great cities find it hard to attach any definite sense to the old requirement that a man shall love his neighbor as he loves himself Neighborhood in a great city tends to amount to very little in the way of social intercourse. If neighbors do not get into each other's way, and if they nod on the doorstep morning and evening, they think they have done wonderfully well in this matter. As to any closer association, it is rather avoided than cultivated. "Pray do not introduce her to me; she lives next door to me," was the request of a Boston woman to her hostess, who had offered to bring her to the acquaintance of a charming woman. The feeling thus expressed is by no means unusual. We commonly prefer to choose our acquaintance at a manageable distance.

In this way we not only make void a social law of the highest authority, but rob ourselves of one of the finest pleasures of city life. Good neighborhood, or neighborliness, is not only a virtue, but an enjoyment. It also is one of the most effectual ways of influencing others for their good. In old Philadelphia there was much of this. When fuel was much scarcer than it now is, it was not unusual for the rich to throw open their kitchens to the working people of their neighborhood, that they might warm themselves well before going to their work. People interested themselves in young people who were struggling to get on their feet. Franklin's famous bequest for the benefit of young mechanics was not an isolated fact in our city life. It finds a parallel in the Smith bequest at Northampton, Massachusetts, one of the purposes of which is to help young married people to begin housekeeping. The man who left the money lived and died a bachelor!

This old-fashioned virtue of neighborliness found eminent exemplification in some of our Philadelphians. The late Deborah Wharton, for instance, made her home a social centre for the whole neighborhood in which she lived, at Third and Spruce Streets. She was a "public Friend," and at the time of her death the oldest in that service in the country, there were no barriers of sect and creed between her and her neighbors. All were welcome to her social circle, to her kindly services, to her home. Hundreds of miles away from Philadelphia I have seen faces brighten up at the mention of her name. The young, especially, were drawn to her, and thus felt the gentle touch of her influence at the most plastic period of life. Nor was she any isolated instance of what neighborliness means in our big city. Many a woman less favorably situated than she has yet left the fragrance of a good and unobtrusive influence among her neighbors, and is mentioned with a warmth of feeling which shows how she broke down the conventional barriers of city life.

The neighbor, the one who comes into your life, has a very close claim upon you. You cannot, without wronging both him and yourself, put him on the same footing as the man who lives at such a distance as shuts him out from neighborly services. His nearness constitutes a claim, and opens a door of opportunity. Especially if he be a poor neighbor—in want of help, of encouragement, fallen behind in the hard race of life, ready to lose heart—you can give him of your superabundance of hope and confidence, and grow richer in both for the gift. The sorest wants of the poor are not those of back and stomach, but those of mind and spirit. They lack the energy of mind and will which brings success, and no better helper to their obtaining this can be than a good neighbor. —ROBERT ELLIS [illegible]

A suburb that keeps the snow off the paths seems nearer to Heaven than any other place

Why Not Nursery Suites?

HERE is another case, this time in Omaha, of apartment houses leased with the clause "no children allowed"; and then, when the apparently innocent occupants feloniously introduce some subsequent infants they are threatened with eviction. Is it not time that some far-seeing house builder erected a mansion specially adapted for children?

Children will happen. They are a numerous, valuable and permanent class. A certain percentage of children to the population has to be reckoned with. We do not wish to separate them from their fond parents. Then why not build with a view to this natural contingency?

A "nursery suite" should be planned for the top floor, with a private room belonging to each apartment below, and common provision be made for the necessary mechanism of nursery life—all carefully studied with a view to the child's needs. The roof should be glassed over in part, and fitted as a permanent playground, with such provision of gymnasium, sand heap and bathing pool as would gladden the heart of every young tenant. With a place of their own to be happy in, these usually undesirable occupants would do no harm to the landlord's property or the tenant's nerves.

Moreover, such a provision would make possible the greatly needed improvement in nursemaids which is being so loudly called for. Specially trained and desirable girls of a better class would find pleasant companionship in such a place as this, and it would be easy for the combined families to employ a competent kindergartner on the premises.

Those wishing to be loftily exclusive could segregate their superior children if they preferred, or move to some more select mansion. But to ordinarily well bred people, whose means and tastes led them to select the same location for residence, this would offer an exclusiveness quite equal to the congregating of nurses in the streets and parks and the grouping of children in the kindergarten and school.

To the children it would mean simple and natural surroundings, freedom to live their own lives without infringing on the comfort of adult neighbors, and a chance of better educational influences than are now obtainable

The effect on infant mortality and morality would be good, and the family peace would be preserved

"Wanted: A suitable house for families with children

"To let: Elegant family flats with all modern improvements for the accommodation of children. Steam heated, water playroom and sand garden. Gymnastic fittings for all ages. Roof with insurmountable railings. No childless persons need apply." —CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

The slaves of to-day are those who just make a living and who refuse to strive for more.

Old-Fashioned Honesty

NO MATTER how clever a man is, he is never so clever that he can afford to do wrong. The man who can play the game of dishonesty and "win out" must be shrewder than Almighty God. There are many young men—and old men, too, for that matter—who have been unfortunately fortunate in cunning crookedness; an unlucky luck has favored them in their incursions into dishonesty; they have concluded that they are nimble enough to dance all around slow-striding justice. Old-fashioned honesty is for the stupid commonality—not for them, the favorites of genius. Personal purity, large honor beyond the commercial requirements, justice deeper than the statute they regard as old fogy notions. The road to wealth and fame by the old route is too long; they are adroit enough to "cut across lots" and wise enough to cover up their trail.

It may sound like old style preachment to remind these complacent foxes that the bloodhounds of Nemesis can track even them There is a word in an old book that sounds to the respectable, to the elegant and to the successful, as well as to the lout: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"

There is a growing tendency to shade down the evil of defrauding a government or a corporation and of swindling the public by means of governmental or corporate agencies. The presence of these artificial units has done much to confuse the moral sense. It is for this reason that men need to be reminded, insistently, that no devices of complicated human machinery have ever changed in the least degree the sure operation of those laws of reward and retribution that are inwrought by the Creator of the race. The high minded youth who would keep his self-respect needs to remember particularly that we are not to abstain from wrong because it may possibly injure ourselves or others eventually, but we are to abhor the unclean and questionable deed because it is absolutely certain to blur, to vitiate, and, if persistently repeated, to destroy the moral vision. —FRANK CRANE.

At the American Capital

Signs of the approaching session of Congress are multiplying. Senators and Representatives living in Washington are already returning to the city. Many appear on Pennsylvania Avenue in the autumn sunlight while making the rounds of the departments and attending to the wants of their constituents. Others are taking an active part in the fall campaigns in their respective States.

The contest for the Speakership attracts no attention because already settled. All know that David B. Henderson, of Iowa, will succeed Thomas B. Reed. It means a new dispensation in the procedure of the House. The Republican majority is so small that arbitrary methods will no longer be brooked. The new House will make its own rules, regardless of its predecessor. It will not adopt the rules of the Fifty-fourth Congress, as did the last House. Should such an attempt be made, William P. Hepburn will be very much in evidence, despite the fact that the new Speaker will come from Hepburn's own State. General Henderson, though firm and at times unyielding, is prudent and careful, and Hepburn is sure this time to have his say. As champion of a liberal code of parliamentary procedure and of the Nicaragua Canal he is certain to be a prominent figure in the House this winter.

There is some interest in the selection of a Democratic candidate for Speaker. Three men of strength are aspiring to this nomination. The leading candidate is James D. Richardson, of Tennessee. He is tall and thin, hatchet-faced, and as supple as a horsehair. He entered the House of Representatives fourteen years ago as the successor of Richard Warner, of Lewisburg. An exceedingly active member of the House, he is thoroughly versed in all sorts of parliamentary law. He is as well read in the Reed rules as in Cushing's and Jefferson's manuals. Versatile and obliging, shrewd and sagacious, facile and experienced, like Saul, the son of Kish, he is head and shoulders above all other candidates. Thoroughly conversant with national politics, he keeps pace with party fluctuations and affiliations in each State, and believes in the proverb that "coming events cast their shadows before." He wielded the gavel admirably in the National Democratic Convention three years ago, and frequently held the reins of the House in Committee of the Whole when Crisp was Speaker. This Committee he ruled with exceptional ability while the Wilson tariff bill was under consideration. In the Fiftieth Congress he was Chairman of the Committee to investigate the workings of the Government Printing Office. The research was thorough, the Committee sitting night and day, and the report lucid and masterly, attracting much attention. Richardson is also responsible for a law which prevents the wholesale printing of useless public documents. He is the compiler of the messages and papers of the Presidents. His activity in discussion is well known. In retort he is quick and bright, and in argument usually convincing. His voice is clear and ringing and can be heard above the utmost confusion. Best of all, however, he knows who to trust; he is managing his own canvass. An admiring friend once said that Richardson could carry seven live eels on his folded arms up eleven flights of stairs and not drop one of them.

A second formidable candidate is David A. De Armond, of Missouri. His candidacy was fathered by Richard P. Bland some weeks before the death of the great free-silver apostle. Bland wrote to the Democratic members of the next House urging them to support his friend. Mr. De Armond is as thin as Mr. Richardson, but not so tall. He has more gravity of face and manner. Possessing a magnificent voice and a keen intellect, he is a spellbinder in argument. At times he waxes eloquent indeed. His speech on behalf of the recognition of Cuban independence was a masterpiece. In discussion he copes with the ablest warriors of the opposition, and is more than frequently successful. With great reserve force, he is governed by a conscientious sense of duty. Studiously deliberate in action, he can never be swerved from the point at issue. His ability as a parliamentarian has frequently been demonstrated on the floor. He usually addresses the House conversationally, with easy gesticulations, and at times with intense effect. Members stop reading newspapers and writing letters when De Armond takes the floor. Speaker Crisp made him a member of the Committee on Naval Affairs. Finding himself not in sympathy with the aims of the majority of this Committee, he asked to be relieved, and was afterward placed on the Committee on Judiciary, of which he is a shining light.

No man in the House commands more respect and no one pays closer attention to his duties. His sarcasm and power of retort are far above the usual level. On December 27, 1895, he was making a speech on the bond issue. A West Virginia Congressman began to badger him. He asked if De Armond entertained the same views in 1892, alluding to the first issue of bonds under the Cleveland administration. De Armond replied in the affirmative.

"At that time," said the West Virginian exultantly, "you were sent to Congress by about three thousand majority, I believe."

"Yes," replied the Missourian.

"Well," continued the member from the Pan Handle State, "you got here this time by a majority of ninety-two."

"Yes," replied De Armond, "exactly ninety-two; but that is quite sufficient to put me here with you, who, judging from the exhibition you are making of yourself, seem to have had too much."

In the last session Mr. De Armond had several amusing conflicts with Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois. They were over a large appropriation for a Soldiers' Home in Cannon's district. The Illinois gentleman called the Missourian a "common scold," and said that common scolds under the common law were sent to the ducking stool.

De Armond replied that he did not care whether he was denominated a scold or not if commenting upon such conduct on the part of the Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations made one a scold.

"The gentleman from Missouri," replied Mr. Cannon, "assumes that this appropriation is personal to the Representative from Illinois. God help him!"

"You had better call on God to help you," retorted Mr. De Armond. "I am in no danger."

"Well," responded Cannon, "I will take care of myself. God help you if you cannot understand——"

Here he was cut off by the quick reply of De Armond: "Only the prayers of the righteous prevail." The House burst into a roar of laughter.

Eight years has De Armond served in Congress with great credit. Though he would make a model Speaker, he will always be regarded as one of the leaders of his party in the House.

A third candidate is John H. Bankhead, of Alabama, a member who has represented his district twelve years in the House. In times past a few Representatives have landed in State's prison after leaving Congress. Bankhead, however, came to Congress after serving four years in the penitentiary; he was warden of the Alabama State prison from 1881 to 1885. Unlike his competitors, Bankhead has a sturdy physique and a full face. His features are strongly marked and his shoulders are broad, indicative of determination and a strong backbone. He has curly hair and a smooth shaven face. He wears a soft hat and a white necktie, and is a typical Southerner in appearance. For four years he served in the Confederate Army, and was three times wounded. Attractive in personality, genial among his associates, and a man whose word is his bond, he has achieved deserved popularity in the House. As Chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds during the Crisp administration, he performed faithful service with a due regard to the interests of the whole country. [illegible] part in discussions over the rules. Rarely does he seek the floor. A thorough worker in his Committee, he champions its bills [illegible] when before the House. He groups his facts without rhetorical display and leaves them to create their own impression. He is neither impulsive nor aggressive in debate. There is a quiet dignity about him far more attractive than repellent. Bankhead has the full confidence of all his party associates, and is backed unanimously by his State delegation. His friends are quiet but confident, and evidently believe that a close contest between De Armond and Richardson may open the way for the man from the Gulf.

All these candidates are Southern men. There are no competitors from the North. From the day that Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, was set aside for John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, no Northern Democrat has developed any strength as a candidate for Speaker. In the Fifty-second Congress a majority of the Democrats came from north of the Mason and Dixon line. Mr. Springer, of Illinois, was then a candidate, but he developed no strength beyond his own State. In caucus, Crisp had a majority of the Northern members on the first ballot and Springer was swamped. Not a Southern Representative voted for him. His disappointment, however, was soothed with the Chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee.

The importance of the present contest for the Democratic nomination is its decisive bearing on the future. The man selected as the minority candidate in December next will have a mortgage on the nomination when the House next becomes Democratic. Providing his constituents keep him in Congress, he is almost sure to become Speaker at some future day. His selection, however, will not necessarily make him leader of the minority on the floor. Leaders develop themselves and are not evolved in caucus. Crisp and Reed were the real leaders of their respective parties long before their selection as candidates for Speaker. The next Speaker may place the name of the minority candidate on the Committee on Rules, and put him at the head of his party in the Committee on Ways and Means, but this will not make him the leader of the minority on the floor. The ability required must be developed or, as in the days of yore, the situation itself will materialize a chieftain whom all will follow willingly, if not enthusiastically.

An apt illustration of this came from the lips of Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, in the last Congress. "The only leadership the minority in this House has had," said he, "is the leadership of its own party. It was put into the hands of a distinguished friend of mine from Texas [Joseph W. Bailey], and he had to fight for it every day at the extra session. One day the gentleman from Kansas [Jerry Simpson] got it away from him, and the next day the sceptre of authority and influence was seized by that picturesque character that has appeared among us from the far distant coast of Washington [J. Hamilton Lewis]. The next day two gentlemen from Tennessee [Benton McMillin and James D. Richardson] were fighting to see which should have it, while in the background, always melodious and ready with his advice and ready to seize the fallen sceptre, was the gentleman from Missouri [David A. De Armond], who has just taken his seat."

—Amos J. Cummings.

LIL' GAL

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

OH, DE weathah it is balmy an' de breeze is sighin' low,
Lil' gal,
An' de mockin' bird is singin' in de locus' by de do',
Lil' gal;
Dere's a hummin' an' a bummin' in de lan' f'om eas' to wes',
I's a sighin' fu' you, honey, an' I nevah know no res',
Fu' dey's lots o' trouble brewin' an' a-stewin' in my breas',
Lil' gal.

Whut's de mattah wid de weathah, whut's de mattah wid de breeze,
Lil' gal?
Whut's de mattah wid de locus' dat's a singin' in de trees,
Lil' gal?
W'y, dey knows de ladies love 'em, an' dey knows dey love 'em true,
An' dey love 'em back, I reckon, des' lak I's a lovin' you;
Dat's de reason dey's a weavin' an' a-sighin', thoo an' thoo,
Lil' gal.

Don't you let no du'ky fool you 'cause de clo'es he wahs is fine,
Lil' gal,
Dey's a bones' hea't a-beatin' unnerneaf dese rags o' mine,
Lil' gal.
C'ose dey ain' no use in mockin' whut de birds an' weathah do,
But I's so'y I cain't 'spress it w'en I knows I loves you true,
Dat's de reason I's a-sighin' an' a-singin' now fu' you,
Lil' gal.

Treasurer Morgan's Treasures

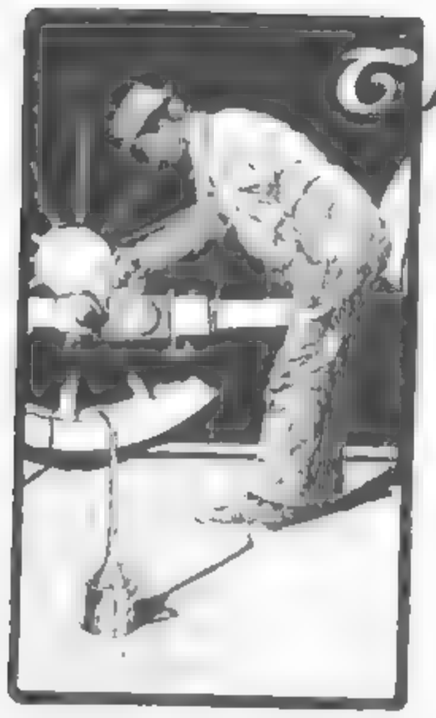
IT IS to be hoped that former United States Treasurer Daniel N. Morgan will not scatter his wonderful collection of autographs. During the four years of his term no person visited the Treasury—and no visitor leaves Washington without seeing Uncle Sam's old granite money-chest—who did not leave his or her signature with Mr. Morgan. If the caller were a person of prominence the Treasurer himself would often act as guide, or if that were impossible he would send his private secretary. After the visit ended, Mr. Morgan would say sweetly to these favored ones:

"Now, I want you to write your name down in this little book of mine," and he would produce a book that held most of the names America considers great to-day.

Of course you would sign. Then the Treasurer would give you his signature, those of all of his predecessors, and tell you a little story about the fountain pen which had changed rolls upon rolls of green paper into untold millions.

"I shall always keep this pen," he would add.

Probably it is doing service in the Connecticut bank Mr. Morgan conducts. If it does, it ought to draw custom to the institution, for it certainly has been a great money-maker.



The BLACKLISTED MAN

By Alvah Milton Kerr

BURLING told me his part of the story, as, with both arms in casts of plaster and one leg in a sustaining jacket, he lay propped up on a cot of the company's hospital waiting impatiently for his hurts to heal.

Burling was a Yale man. He had a home record as a rush in the college football team, and what was perhaps of smaller account in the memories of his fellows, had won a sprig or two of laurel in the great school's debates. His success in oratory had not lessened his love of action, however, or fixed his half-formed purpose of following the law as a life work. So, when Purvis Hume, Superintendent of our Coast Range Division, and long-time friend of Burling's father, sent for him to come out and employ his experience as a "rush" in hunting up lost freight, and his eloquence in composing irritated makers of claims against the A. & L. S., he accepted with promptness.

That his energies had not missed the mark seemed obvious from the favor with which our higher officials viewed him. We operators in the Dispatcher's office, in sheer helplessness, acknowledged him first in the line of promotion; yet we all liked him and wished him success, save, I think, that I secretly wished that he might not win Sally Hume, the Superintendent's daughter. That, however, looked quite as probable as the rest—at least, until Jack Anderson came and began firing the old Sixty-eight, and mingling reluctantly in the narrow social life of our little mountain town.

That a fireman should be of any moment in the matter of Miss Sally's choice of men seemed rather out of reason, yet with the first glance I felt that Burling had a rival in the Norseman. Anderson, though American born, was clearly of old Berserker stock; a quiet, blue-eyed young giant, with a certain completeness and nobility of body and face that I find no word for. He was kind, but sad and indifferent, not at all like a fighting Berserker—but we did not know the man.

I chanced to be very near when Miss Hume first saw him. She was humming a tune and had a bunch of roses in her hand, though the pink blossoms were more common than grass in that balmy coast country, and, with a smile, she threw me one of the flowers. Clumsily, I let it fall to the floor. At the same instant Anderson sprang down from the engine with a long necked oil-can in his hand, and as I stooped to pick up the rose his big foot inadvertently crushed it flat. When he saw the girl—herself like a rose—his face flushed, and he promptly proffered us both an apology and strode around to the opposite side of the engine. I saw the girl's lips open oddly, and the pupils of her eyes expand and change as she looked at him. Then, as he disappeared, she laughingly selected another rose and pinned it to my coat, commenting pertinently on the awkwardness of big men, and then went her way, but—without the tune.

Now, three months afterward, as I sat by Burling's cot such phases of the affair as were within my knowledge ran by me waveringly like pictures seen in water. I remembered how Anderson had plainly tried with all his might to keep from showing Miss Hume attention, and how, at times, he had palpably failed. Clearly he did not think it fitting that one holding his position should aspire to the favor of a girl so much above him in social rank, and as clearly his attitude disquieted her. Perhaps on that account she had been the more favorable to Burling, and, at times, had seemed open even to my timid attentions.

Burling had been with the company two years, and was, I think, twenty-six; yet, as I glanced at his strong face, I now saw many gray hairs about his temples. He was not himself aware that these were there, for he had not faced a mirror for two weeks—not since the Sixty-eight went down with the seventh Los Streamos bridge and put silver among his hair in an hour as terrible as perhaps any man ever lived through.

Some weeks previous to Anderson's advent to the division station, Burling had been called in by Hume and made timekeeper. One of our men in the Dispatcher's office wanted the position, but Hume explained that he desired Burling to handle the department for a time, simply that he might get insight into it; that later he would probably have something better for Mr. Burling. It looked disheartenlingly as if the ultimate "something better" might be the position of son-in-law to the Superintendent.

Then Anderson came. I happened to be in Burling's department when the young Norseman entered, bearing a note from the Master Mechanic, the implication of which was that should it transpire that the bearer's record was clear the Motive Department could probably use the applicant. Burling looked the kingly young fellow over and I saw instant admiration reflected in his eyes.

"You have letters of recommendation, Mr. Anderson?" he queried.

"No. I have never yet asked any man for a thing of that sort," said Anderson. He looked into Burling's face with steady, level gaze.

"What road did you last work for?"

"The T. T. & G."

"Oh! They have recently had a strike down there, I believe?"

"Yes."

"And the road whipped the men into line?"

"Not all of them."

"Yourself, for instance?"

"Yes."

Burling opened a drawer of his desk and drew a thin, black book from it. The book was filled with columns of names. His eye dropped down the columns; he mused a moment, then wrote a note to the Master Mechanic stating that Mr. Anderson's name was not listed.

That night Anderson went out on the Sixty-eight as fireman.

Four weeks later Burling received from the T. T. & G. a new sheet to be pasted in the fatal black book. Anderson's name was among the others. Burling sat looking at it a long time. The evening before he had noted something that had set a queer ferment in his blood, an irritant with which he was unfamiliar. Burling had remarked the eyes of the Superintendent's daughter turning often in the young Norseman's direction, and once when talking to Burling she had said: "That's the man who crushed my rose. I don't like him very well, do you?" She had shrugged her beautiful shoulders and turned her back, but Burling noticed that her eyes soon furtively sought Anderson's face again.

And Anderson was a blacklisted man? How easy to get him dismissed and out of the way; besides, it was Burling's duty to the road. "If it were not for her I could do it," he thought. "If the case were reversed, if he were in my place, I don't believe he would do it. I don't like to feel myself less a man than he." He sat struggling. At last he threw the black book back in its place and banged the drawer shut. "I can't; I won't!" he exclaimed, and got up and went out.

But he did. No man really knows himself. Given pressure enough, the straightest beam will bend and finally snap. Burling thought a very great deal of Miss Hume, she lay in the line of his promotion, the fairest acquisition among all the profits that he hoped for. From the chestnut ripples above her white brow to the tips of her dainty shoe she was sweet. Who could be blamed for fighting for her? She was immeasurably worth while.

It took nearly two months of time and events to bring Burling to the breaking point, then he told Hume.

"You say Anderson is on the blacklist?" the Superintendent demanded.

"Yes," said Burling reluctantly.

"For what?"

"Leading the strike on the T. T. & G."

Hume's big eyes gleamed angrily. "How does it come that he has worked here so long? Did you know this?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you report it?"

"I—I—Poole said he was first-class. I've been told that he was one of the crack engineers on the T. T. It seemed a pity."

Hume looked at him steadily for several seconds. "Well, you've been a mighty long time making up your mind," he blurted. "When he comes in from his run send him to me."

Burling went out feeling unhappy and mean. "I've done my duty, anyway," he reflected gloomily. When he went to see Sally Hume that evening he felt small and villainous, yet he proposed to her, while Anderson was still in the field. He couldn't be entirely a coward.

The girl heard him blushingly and with visible emotion. She looked at the floor for a moment, then lifted her eyes. "I'll give you my answer Sunday evening when—when you call," she said. "Will that do?"

Burling assented and went away, restless, prickling with expectancy, a man who had tossed for life's greatest stake and was waiting the fall and turn. Anderson came into the Superintendent's office in the morning and stood looking the official in the face. Even Hume, than whom no man seemed usually more decisive, fidgeted a little before commencing.

"Mr. Anderson, your name is on the blacklist, I believe?" he began.

"I am not surprised," said the fireman quietly.

"You expected it?"

"I thought it probable."

"It must have been justified, then?"

"I couldn't be honest and admit that."

"What have you to offer in explanation? Had you a personal grievance?"

"No. The firemen of the road were unjustly treated; 'twas they who struck."

"You were an engineer?"

"Yes."

"And you led the engineers to quit in support of the firemen?"

"I did what I could."

Hume ruminated, turning his watch-fob between his fingers and looking at it. When he looked up Anderson's eyes were still fixed on his face.

"Well, Mr. Anderson, you will have to quit. Saturday night you will be given your time," said Hume. "Good morning."

"Good morning," said Anderson, in even, quiet voice. He turned to go, then hesitated. "Mr. Hume, to whom am I indebted for having been permitted to work here through these three months? May I know?" asked the young man.

"You may be grateful to Burling, if you wish."

Anderson bowed and went out. That was on a Friday. The following morning the Sixty-eight was ordered out and up the Los Streamos branch, preceding a special bearing the Superintendent, a hundred or more prominent citizens and their wives, sons and daughters. The excursion was planned by Hume, and the plan was to meet the citizens of West Plumas, the terminal of the branch, in a neighborly banquet arranged in honor of the formal opening of the division. The building of the line of sixty miles of cañon had been an engineering feat.

At nine o'clock I gave the Sixty-eight an order to run wild to West Plumas thirty minutes ahead of the special. By Hume's instruction, the engine was to precede the excursion train as a sort of track-walker, taking three cars of coal to the terminal for engine use. Anderson bred the Sixty-eight. It was to be his last trip. The station platform was gay with excursionists when the Sixty-eight pulled out.

AT THE SAME INSTANT ANDERSON SPRANG DOWN FROM THE ENGINE

Thirty minutes later the excursion rolled out with flags and bunting fluttering, voices cheering, a band playing, and a clamor of laughter and happy cries. Then the two trains were rushing toward the tragedy at the seventh Los Streamos bridge.

Two weeks had gone. Burling lay looking at me from one of the company's cots, a cast of retrospection in his eyes. At the other end of the long room, nearly a hundred feet away, I could see the still outline of Anderson's form under a white counterpane. His cot was near a window, and he was apparently watching the summer clouds drift along the lifted mountain tops, shredding their lace skirts on the green spires of pine. I saw the light lying in the waves of his hair as in little yellow cups.

A kind of dim smile crept around Burling's mouth. "It's been over two weeks now since I asked her, and she hasn't given me her answer yet," he said. "I think I know what it will be. I went down on the engine, you know, that I might not seem to press my suit by dangling after her. I wonder if she'll come up here one of these days? I wish now

that I had quit my position and let some one else report Anderson's case. It would have looked more honorable."

I assented. I couldn't help it. "What is your idea of the cause of the wreck, Burling?" I asked, changing the subject.

"I've been thinking about it," he replied, "and I've made up my mind that it was caused by one of those little earthquake waves that occasionally flow down the coast. I felt it, I think, in a peculiar surge that the engine gave just before we reached number seven bridge. I fancy that the heave of the cañon walls crushed the bridge forward and cut off some of the bolts at the west end."

"That seems possible. If Poole were alive he could probably throw some light on the matter. Poor Poole! Hume has asked me to prepare a careful report on the disaster; it is to go to the President. I should like your account of it, Burling, especially your personal experience. You haven't told me that, you know."

"I've been trying to forget it, but I never shall until my eyes close for the last time. And if there is a life after this I fancy I shall remember it then." He rolled his head back and forth on the pillow in a pathetic way.

"We went up the cañon at a good pace," he resumed presently. "You know the day was lovely. I sat up on the right-hand side by Poole, watching the walls of rock rush by, noting how sturdily the pines set their feet in among the crevices, how dark and glistening were the pools down at the cañon's bottom, and how like striking a mighty drum was the hollow roar of the bridges when the engine leaped upon them. I was thinking of Miss Sally and—and of Anderson. Say, Al, what a centre-rush he would have been! He'd have gone through 'em all, wouldn't he?"

"Judging from what he did up at the bridge, I fancy he would," I said, smiling.

"Sure." He lay gazing mistily at the white counterpane for a moment. "Well, whatever happens, he's all right. I'll stand by him. He can have my heart itself if he needs it. I don't remember that I looked at him that day as we were going up the cañon. I couldn't; you know what I'd done! He said nothing to me. I suppose he was busy keeping her hot. Well, we'd gone about forty miles, thundering along and waking echoes that filled the gorge, when the Sixty-eight gave a peculiar heave and lurch, much like a boat going over a billow. We must have been within about one hundred feet of bridge number seven.

"Poole's face flashed an odd hue, and he instantly threw her over and plugged her. The next instant the engine roared on the bridge, there was a terrible crash, and we were rushing downward through the air. The sudden lurch threw me on my back in the forward part of the tender, and as we rushed through the air my face was turned upward, and I saw two of the cars of coal shoot out into space above us. I distinctly remember seeing the wheels of those cars still running as they descended.

The next instant we struck. The thing was indescribable. There was a thundering boom and crash as the firebox and boiler drove into the water and mud. Poole was in his seat, and I fancy was clinging to the throttle lever. Involuntarily an engineer holds to that, you know. He was thrown through the cab window and under the engine as she turned over. The tender canted the other way, and struck on its left hand edge, ripping forward into the engine. I bounced like a ball when we struck, and just as helplessly. Somehow, I doubled up against the bottom of one of the coal cars as they swept over us, and then I fell like a rag in the water beside the tender. A lot of stuff poured down upon me—coal, and iron things. I felt both my arms snap and one of my legs break, and then I lay pinioned and immovable.

"Anderson struck face downward six or eight feet back of me. He had leaped over the side of the tender as we were falling. Both his legs were broken just below the knees. He came down across an iron stringer of the bridge. Do you know, Al, the first thing that fellow did was to crawl over and try to get me loose! He couldn't do it. He dug at the coal about me like a mole, but it was no use; the iron rods had me nipped hard and solid. And what do you think he said? 'My Heavens, what will *she* say if I let him die?' That was it. Queer and pitiful, wasn't it? I'll never forget the look in his face as it hung above me with blood dripping from the point of his chin. I tell you, he can have anything I've got!

"Well, we lay in one of those still pools. It was about fifty feet long and the water was maybe a foot deep. The first car of coal had leaped square on top of the engine, tearing the top of it to pieces as a tiger might the back of a rabbit. The second car rammed into the boiler head and fell upon the tender, spilling a lot of its coal down upon me. Poor Poole, as you know, was killed instantly. But the third car of coal! Old man, I never expect to look upon anything more terrible than that. It hung over the broken end of the bridge, seventy feet above us, ready to fall, apparently at the lightest touch! Every bolt in the bottom of that car seems riveted in my brain. I believe I shall see it as long as I live.

"I was in no particular pain, only sort of sleepily numb, but my brain was frightfully awake. I was conscious that I was sinking slowly, and presently the water was close about my lips and nostrils. If I sank another half inch I should drown! But I seemed to have reached bottom. I lay there with my breath rippling the fluid about my nostrils, watching the car hanging above me in the air, and horrified with the thought that if anything should raise the water a little it would flow into my lungs and strangle me.

"All above me was a chaos of stone, seams, shelves and blocks, shattered by the blasting, and towering toward the track from which we had plunged.

"When I looked again at Anderson he was lying with his face among the stones, perfectly still. He was horribly hurt. He remained still but a few minutes, though, then he began dragging himself forward and upward by his hands. He went half-way up the side of the cañon without stopping, then I think he fainted, for his face dropped among the stones again and he lay motionless. After a few minutes he began to move, pushing his face along through the rocks, as if the impulse to get to the top actuated his body while he was still unconscious. Then he lifted his head and began to struggle upward. I have never seen nor even conceived of human effort that in the least approached it. In spite of my terrible situation it fascinated me. You see, he was going to keep the special from leaping down upon me and to save *her!* And I had got him discharged!

"He stopped many times as he crawled back and forth and upward. It would have been a hard climb for a man without broken legs. Something had torn his shirt down his back, and I could see his white muscles working, and a red rill between his shoulder-blades. He only looked toward me once. His face was like paper, and his lips moved, but I couldn't hear what he said. I blew the water from about my mouth and shouted, 'God bless you, Anderson!' but I don't know if he heard me or not. I thought he would die before he reached the top. He went slower and slower, now stopping, and again crawling forward, his breast heaving and his arms and shoulders quivering like a man's when he draws himself up to put his chin over a bar for the hundredth time. When he got to the top I thought he would never get over the edge. He tried it a number of times, poor fellow, only to sink back. It was a hard spot. When finally he drew himself over the edge he sank forward on his face and lay sort of hanging. He had fainted again. I wondered if he would ever come to. I forgot about the car in the air above me in my anxiety lest he should never stir again. After what seemed a long time he slowly dragged himself out of sight, and I lay alone in the cañon, pinioned in the mud, with the water trying to creep in at my lips.

"I think Anderson was twenty or twenty-five minutes getting to the top of the cañon wall. You'd ordered the special to run thirty minutes behind us, but I hoped it might be forty. As soon as Anderson was out of sight I began to expect with every moment to see the engine and coaches of the excursion shoot out into space above me and come down with that car of coal upon me. Maybe I didn't try to get loose! But it was no use. My arm sockets burned like fire, and one of my legs seemed ready to burst. I kept my eyes on that car hanging away up there above me. It seemed to waver and stir, but I guess the trouble was in my head. I got to be a coward then. I confess that I didn't think about *her* safety or the lives of the others on the train. It was being ground up there in the mud by the falling train that appalled me. He offered his life willingly for love of her. I guess I couldn't have done it. Anyway, I know I broke down and screamed when the coal car got to making faces at me, and shouted for Poole—poor Poole, under the engine—when the ripples about my mouth and nostrils got to seem billows running mountains high.

"Well, the train didn't come. I suppose Hume has told you the condition I was in when they found me and pried the stuff off me?"

I nodded my head. He lay a moment in silence. "No; the train didn't reach the bridge. You know why?"

Yes, I knew. Adams, the engineer of the special, and others had told me. Anderson dragged himself nearly three hundred feet down the track, and having no signal of any sort, fixed himself between the rails, to be run over if necessary in order to save the train. They found him sitting in the middle of the track, grasping the rails on either side, lurching forward, insensible. Adams saw him as they came around the bend and reversed. The pilot of the train almost touched Anderson when they came to a standstill. It would not be easy to tell just what happened when Hume saw the blacklisted man sitting there, apparently dead, clutching the rails. One thing he did—he went by him on up to the bridge and looked down, then looked back at Anderson and burst into tears.

As for Miss Sally, she had come up to the hospital with me, and all the time that Burling had been talking I knew she was down in the reception room. I was jotting down some notes when I saw her come, almost in silence, into the great room. She looked timidly about, and seeing Burling and me, gave us a smile. She hesitated a moment, then seeing Anderson's face turn toward her from his distant cot, she went lightly and quickly toward him. I don't know what occurred. I turned in my chair and tried to write. After a little I heard her soft foot fall by Burling's cot and looked up. She was very sweet. I cannot describe how gently she did it, but it was not "Yes." When she went away she left a bunch of roses lying against his cheek. There were gray lines of pain about his mouth, but he turned his face and kissed the flowers.

"She will be happy with him," he said. "All the while she has really cared for no one else. I have known it. It's right. Neither she nor I would be living now but for him. I hope I am brave enough to give her to him like a man. God bless them both!"

"Amen!" I said, and rose, a choking ache in my throat.

As the reader may believe, Anderson's name came off the list, and he went up the ladder of promotion. He was weighed in more than one balance and not found wanting. Doubtless his blood was of a stream more ancient and heroic than that which ran in the veins of any of us. Burling did not lag behind. At thirty five he is a Division Superintendent, and not so very long ago was married. He has a little son, and with true grit and loyalty has named him Anderson.

"I THOUGHT HE WOULD DIE BEFORE HE REACHED THE TOP"

The Pentecost of No-God Hollow

By Forrest Crissey

"MA, THE preacher's comin'! I can see his hat 'gainst the sky at the top of the hill," exclaimed Harlow.

There was a note of joyless awe and excitement in the tone of his announcement which epitomized his mental attitude toward the rare visit of the preacher to Shinn Hollow. He could remember with painful vividness one such visit when Elder Bills had "put up" with mother. The fear which the gaunt man, with his sharp eyes, shaggy brows, long, shiny black coat and deeply solemn voice had inspired in him lingered in his memory with gloomy persistence. Ever since then Harlow had half expected to hear his mother read the name of Elder Ethan Bills out of the Old Testament. He was linked in the mind of the boy with the grim, mysterious race of prophets; he was The Man of God.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Shattuck, rapping the paddle upon the edge of the kettle and lifting the butter to the back of the stove. "There hain't a thing to eat in this house! Now you hustle out and ketch that speckled hen and the Dominick pullet. They've just begun to lay, but it can't be helped. Bring 'em to the choppin'-block and I'll kill and dress 'em while you scud for the grove and gather a hatful of the nicest pawpaws you can pick. Elder Bills is as partial to a nice, luscious pawpaw as he is to preserves."

Harlow was instantly aroused to the gravity of the occasion, and a few moments later he appeared, trailing in either hand a squawking fowl.

"He's stopped at the sawmill to inquire," he commented, as he passed the yellow legs of the panting hens into his mother's hands and started for the pawpaw grove in the pasture.

"Thank goodness for that! It'll give me time to scald and dress 'em before he gits here. You do the singein' as quick as you get back. I'll have to depend on you a good deal while he's here," he heard his mother say. By the time he had heaped his hat of braided straw with the fragrant, pulpy pawpaws the stripped bodies of the fowls awaited him, and he was turning them carefully in the blaze of a burning paper when Elder Bills drove up to the door, alighted and exclaimed:

"Sister Shattuck! The blessing of the Lord upon your house! And is it well with thee and well with the child?"

"It is well!" was her answer, as she took his bony hand after wiping her own upon her apron.

"Bub, see that you minister faithfully to the needs of the beast," he resumed, tossing the reins at the boy's feet.

Clambering into the jerky gig, Harlow clucked to the woolly horse, which took its own course to the barn as readily as if it had always been stabled there. As he clambered up the pole ladder into the loft, to throw down a supply of hay into the manger, conflicting emotions were aroused by realization of two moral certainties. He knew they would have chicken, warm biscuit and honey, raspberry jam and currant wine as long as the preacher stayed, and that before he went away he would talk to him about his soul. He also knew that this dread ordeal would be preceded by long morning and evening devotions and by meetings at the schoolhouse every night. A very solemn and a very exciting week was before him. Shinn Hollow had never been visited by a circus. Its high-water mark of excitement had been touched when Hi Munger had been converted at the one other visit of Elder Bills that was within his recollection.

In a vague way Harlow realized that his mother must be a very good woman to be "put up with" by the preacher, and that this distinction conferred a great honor upon her.

Probably she was the best woman in all the Hollow. If she wasn't, Elder Bills wouldn't stop with her. While the aroma of the chicken permeated the house and Mrs. Shattuck was deep in the preparation of supper, Harlow was dispatched to the homes of the nearest neighbors to spread the news that Elder Bills had come and that there would be a meeting in the schoolhouse that night. His mission also included serving notice on Vet Munger that the schoolhouse must be "opened up" for the service. Harlow was almost stunned when the impious Sylvester, who "tended" the schoolhouse, exclaimed: "So old Bills has come to wag his jaw, has he? Well, I 'spose I've got to open up the house."

Supper was ready when Harlow reached home. He ate with a knowledge that the usual limitations regarding the number of "helpings" for which he might safely pass his plate would not be enforced during Elder Bills' sojourn with them. As they pushed back their chairs from the table his mother brought the family Bible from the parlor and placed it beside the preacher's plate. But he waved it aside, leaned back in his chair, and with eyes half-shut repeated in sonorous tones the first chapter of Revelation. Harlow stood aghast at this exhibition of godliness. He doubted not that Elder Bills could repeat from memory all the words between the covers of the big Bible.

On their way to the meeting, Harlow planned that as soon as they entered the schoolhouse he would drop behind his mother and slip into one of the back benches near the stove, thus escaping the ordeal of "going up front" into the storm-centre of the service.

The moment Elder Bills stepped inside the door and surveyed the well-nigh empty house he tossed his shaggy head with a "Huh!" Harlow caught the ominous note in his guttural expression. It made him think of the way Ford's mad bull had flung up his head the day he drove the berry pickers from the pasture.

Without pausing to greet the assembled faithful, Elder Bills strode forward to the rostrum. Harlow attempted to drop in one of the rear seats, but he felt the compelling prods of his mother's stiffly extended fingers pressing against his back and he moved obediently forward.

A threatening fire blazed in the eyes of the preacher as he faced his slender and abashed congregation and abruptly started the hymn:

"That day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

"When, shriveling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

"Oh! on that day—that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away!"

Then he read, with solemn vehemence the story of Sodom's wickedness and destruction, and walking forth from behind the desk, he straightened up to the full limit of his height, stretched his ungainly arms high above his head, and broke forth into a fury of prayer that shook his hearers like a wrathful wind. Although each word of the supplication stung the heart of the shivering boy like a cut from a hailstone, he was powerless to take his eyes from the towering figure. Even the upstretched hands of the preacher seemed to [illegible] they opened [illegible] and gripped as the lips pictured the despair of those who sinned away their day of grace. When at last the awful hands were lowered and Elder Bills dropped his voice and pronounced the "Amen!" Harlow saw that his mother's face was wet with tears and heard the hushed sobs of a "sister" in the seat behind him.

But the moment of comparative silence was brief. Leaning forward over the rude bench, the preacher repeated the text:

"This kind goeth not out but by [illegible] and fasting."

Swiftly he drew the picture of [illegible] Sodom and the burning wrath of [illegible] swept it to destruction.

"And where does Shinn Hollow stand in this day of God's judgment? Without hope and without God in the world! From this day forth let this valley of sin be called No-God Hollow! And Jehovah will seal it with that name under the consuming fires of His judgment unless the remnant of His righteous put on sackcloth and ashes and humble themselves in the dust before Him. Be warned! The devils of this place will come forth only by fasting and prayer. Get yourselves into the wilderness and see if the arm of the Lord may be staved."

Without the customary closing hymn, the preacher beckoned the congregation to rise. Then he again stretched forth his hands and pronounced the dismissal:

"'He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches: He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death. . . . For the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?'"

Before they reached the box stove the trembling Harlow saw that the red headed girl, whose folks had just moved into the Hollow from Hardscrabble, was in her seat crying, and that Mrs. Wordaff was kneeling beside her. Instantly his mother and the preacher joined the penitent, leaving the boy standing by the door. Although his eyes were tearless, they glowed like the hot spots that came on the griddles of the stove when his mother heated her flatirons; he saw the group of those who were laboring with "the new girl" as through a mist. The fire of a mighty resolve was burning within him. Fasting and prayer! The wilderness!

He darted out of the door, and a moment later pushed into the lonely house, lit a splint in the kitchen stove, and touched the wick of a candle into flame. Shielding the latter with his hand, he hurried into his bedroom and brought out his slate. As he started to write, Old Buzzer rubbed her sides against his legs. He reached down a moment and let her tail slip through his fingers. The scrawling message was not finished without many contortions of tongue. It read:

"Ma I have gon into the wilderness too fast and Pray. I cant bare to have any Souls lost, specly Vet Munger who said awful things 'bout Elder Bills. I hav took the cat for company and some chicken for her cahant eat. Am myself good by Harlow."

Placing the candlestick on the slate, he went into the pantry, wrenched two "drumsticks" from the remnant of the Dominick pullet and thrust them into his pocket. Then he lifted the cat to his shoulder; she pushed her whiskered nose along his cheek and nestled into his neck, and he vanished out into the night.

When Mrs. Shattuck and the preacher entered the house after three hours of mighty and triumphant wrestling for the salvation of the convicted girl, the man sank into the nearest chair and said:

"Sister Shattuck, I feel as if I'd like some chicken. This has been a night of labor, and the inner man must needs be refreshed."

"Go right into the sittin'-room and I'll bring you a plate," eagerly responded the woman. The candle was quickly lifted from its resting-place and carried into the pantry, where she shaved dainty slices of white meat.

As Mrs. Shattuck took his empty plate and goblet he followed her into the kitchen, pausing at the table while she placed the plate in the sink. Turning about she saw him staring at Harlow's slate, the candle still held in his hand.

Without a word he handed the slate to her and stood bent in thought. The majesty of the figure which he had presented in the schoolhouse had departed, and his face showed traces of fear not less keen than the countenances of his hearers had betrayed a few hours before. But the strength of determination quickly returned as he exclaimed:

"He's gone into the Big Woods. I'm sure of it. That means the wilderness to him. Go out and help to raise the neighbors by the blacksmith shop, and I'll get 'em out down by the sawmill. We must reach him before he gets in far enough to stumble over the brink of the deep gully—and he's had hours the start of us."

At the sawmill the posse paused to snatch strips of pitch-pine waste, and a moment later a line of flaring torches was glimmering across the slashing, the tall figure of the preacher loping with long strides far in the lead. The band summoned by Mrs. Shattuck was led by Vet Munger, and she followed close at his side.

"I hollered to Shorty Blair," explained the captain of the posse just as he left the

—he saw the group of those who were laboring with "the new girl" as through a mist

house to join the other boys. We agreed on three blasts from the dinner horn as a signal that the boy is found and all right, and two blasts if—well—if anything's happened to him. Oh, we'll pick up the little shaver all right, Mis' Shattuck, you can bet on that! The two parties are to meet at the forks of Clear Run and Butternut Creek, where the Big Gully branches

"The little chap'll follow the road till he gets scared or confused, then he'll veer off in any direction that happens, and travel in a circle," speculated Ab Lyon, who had hunted the Big Woods and knew every landmark

"'Course we've got to go ahead and search till daylight," argued Link Huff. "What a looney idea 'twas to git into a youngster's head anyway—trapsin' off into the Big Woods to pray and go bug-hunting!"

"Oh, dry up!" roughly commanded Simpson, the boss of the sawmill band. "Don't you know the Elder's sermon put the fear into the lad's noddle? You could see the old man's mighty exercised. He looks 's if he'd been hit with a maul, and this hain't no time to rub it into him. See him forge ahead over them logs like a wounded buck!"

Not until well into the woods did the party pause for a moment. Then Bill Wasco, who carried a bundle of extra strips, distributed fresh torches to those in need of them. As the searchers rested on the prostrate trunk of a moss grown hemlock, Lyon filled his black clay pipe, lighted it from the blaze of his torch, and inquired

Ab, how long ago was it Ol' Blackman killed that catamount at the forks?"

"Goin' on three years," was the reply. "I was just thinkin' of that myself. Lord! but wouldn't he 'a' made short work of the boy?"

You know Painter's new hand over on the West Barrens?" interrupted Simpson. "He was tellin' me last week that when he was splittin' rails over in Hiram's swamp he heard some sort of a critter makin' a horrible screechin' back in the swale. Sounded just like a human, he said. I wondered if he wasn't the mate to the brute Blackman shot."

"Come, friends, we must hasten on," interrupted the preacher, speaking for the first time since the search began. In the flare of the torches his face showed deep, shadowy hollows.

"Looks like a big, lanky ghost, don't he?" said Ab Lyon to the sawmill boss.

For an hour they pushed steadily forward, the shadows of the great trees wheeling past them like the black, fantastic spokes of a mighty wheel. Suddenly the preacher, who was well in the lead, halted, raised his hand in a gesture to command silence, and called back

"Hark!"

Instantly the posse paused and listened. A moment later the fathomless stillness of the Big Woods was broken by a faint, timid "Me ow!"

"That's the boy's cat, Elder!" exclaimed Simpson. "The lad himself must be somewhere about."

"Don't the yeowl of a house cat sound funny at night, way out here in the heart of the Big Woods?" commented the irrepressible Ab. But he was silenced by a motion from the preacher's hand. Again the men stood and listened. This time the wail of the cat was more distinct. It seemed to come from the tree tops a few rods ahead. Then Simpson called in his softest tones

"Come kit-ty, kit-ty, kitty, kitty kitty-kitty

"Pu-r-r me-ow!" came the friendly response from the crotch of a birch sapling, where two small balls of fire disclosed the hiding place of Old Buzzer.

"One of you get the creature and the rest spread out and beat the woods for the boy. Better call out for him," said Elder Bills, whose blazing eyes appeared twice their natural size.

Instantly the men scattered in various directions. The great woods seemed alive with firebrands. They flared from every point of the compass, each showing the silhouette of a stooping man holding above his head the pine torch, while the other hand shaded his eyes as he peered into jagged pits left at the butts of trees torn from their rootage by the blasts and gales. A common impulse seemed to govern the progress of the searchers. For a few moments the crunching of brush under their tread was the only sound. Then the crackling of twigs ceased and a lusty voice shouted, "Har-low!" The cry was taken up by the next in the circle, and was repeated by the sinister echoes until every tree in the Big Woods seemed to be calling, "Har-low! Har-low! low! low! low!" The dying echo was followed by complete silence, each rescuer bending forward to catch the faintest response. But no answer came.

Planting the butt of his torch in the soft muck, he reached down and lifted the limp figure of the boy in his arms

An hour of this intense brush beating passed, and even the face of the preacher showed signs of the hopelessness which began to fill his heart. Just as he came to the banks of the little run he stopped abruptly.

A few rods ahead he saw the glimmer of something white. A glance showed him it was a tiny New Testament, which had fallen with its leaves open. Before he could pick it up he saw, on the edge of a ragged hole from which the roots of a gigantic beech had been torn, Harlow's home made cap. Two leaps brought the preacher to the pit. Planting the butt of his torch in the soft muck, he reached down and lifted the limp figure of the boy in his arms. It was the work of a moment to thrust his hand inside Harlow's jacket. "His heart's beating all right," he muttered. A stride carried the preacher to the brook, where he scooped up water in the palm of his hands and washed the dirt from the boy's face. Harlow's eyes opened suddenly and he began to whimper.

"Where does it hurt you, son?" inquired the preacher. He caught one word of the incoherent answer. "Arm." A quick examination showed this member to be sprained and bruised, but not broken. Then the elder straightened up, threw back his chest, and gave a shout that would have startled a camp-meeting revival.

"Glory to God! Here's the boy!"

Answering shouts came from gloomy depths of the wood on every hand. A few moments later the torches were seen bobbing through the brush. When the men gathered about the preacher, who stood in the shallows of the creek, holding Harlow in his arms, the boy had returned to consciousness and was asking if something awful had happened.

Snatching the dinner horn from the hand of Hi Munger, Simpson raised it to his lips and gave three ringing blasts. Quickly came the answer from the direction of the "shingle camp" at the crest of the ridge.

When Mrs. Shattuck and Vet Munger broke through the brush, she heard Harlow call "Hello, ma! The old cat's all right. Mr. Simpson found her up a tree, and she's right here on my shoulder."

This brought a laugh from the men of both posses, and checked any demonstration of joy to which the widow might have given way. Except in prayer and exhortation and in "doing for" Harlow, the widow's avenues of affectional expression were limited.

I hope there hain't no bones broken," she said, in a weary, tearful voice, as she gazed at the boy resting in the preacher's arms, with the cat cuddled down upon his breast.

"It is well with the child," answered the preacher, smiling down into the face of the boy. Then the happy cavalcade filed slowly back along the old wood's trail, past the shingle shanty and out into the Hardscrabble road. Although the roosters in the henhouse were crowing as the preacher laid the boy in the widow's bed and left him with his mother, a common impulse drew the party to the schoolhouse, where the women of the community had brought pails of coffee and baskets of food. The "particulars" of the affair passed swiftly from lip to lip as between bites of chicken and sips of coffee the men detailed the thrilling experiences of the night.

Finally Elder Bills placed his empty tin cup on the desk and said, "Let us give thanks to God."

This time he knelt humbly at the bench and almost touched elbows with Vet Munger, who, as Ab Lyon observed later, "got down on his marrow bones for the first time in his life."

Such an outpouring of humble and childlike gratitude Shunn Hollow had never heard before. Rising from his knees, the preacher leaned against the desk and said:

"Friends, I feel as if I'd like to preach a sermon—but I don't know whether I should take as my text 'God is love,' or 'A little child shall lead them'; but perhaps you don't want a sermon. However, I want to say that in breaking my way through the wilderness of the Big Woods with the burden of Sister Shattuck's boy resting like lead upon my soul, I lost the God of Wrath that I have preached for fifty years. He's gone from me forever, and a vision as bright and clear as that which arrested Saint Paul by the wayside has called me to preach a new God and a new Saviour, whose mercy is without bound and whose love is infinite. Him I declare unto you!"

"Hallelujah!" shouted pale and timid Mrs. Simpson, who had never "made profession" of religion, so far as her neighbors were aware. Eunice Ransom, who had not been regarded as a "converted person," but had sung in her sweet treble at the funeral of every person who had been "laid away on the hill" since she came to Shunn Hollow, started the hymn:

"Is there anybody here who wants religion?
I'll tell you what the Lord has done for me
Glory, glory, glo-o-o-ry, glory!
The Lord passed by and He gave me religion,
And that's what the Lord has done for me.
Glory, glory, glo-o-o-ry, glory!

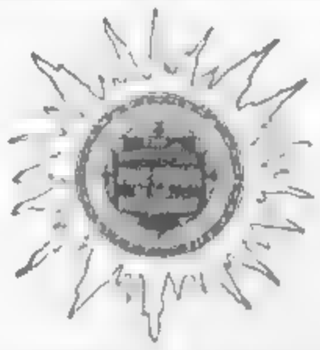
"Is there anybody here like weeping Mary?
I'll tell you what the Lord has done for me
Glory, glory, glo-o-o-ry, glory!
The Lord passed by and He saved me from weeping
And that's what the Lord has done for me
Glory, glory, glo-o-o-ry, glory!

"Is there anybody here like poor old Noah?
I'll tell you what the Lord has done for me
Glory, glory, glo-o-o-ry, glory!
The Lord passed by and He saved me from sinking
And that's what the Lord has done for me!
Glory, glory, glo-o-o-ry, glory!"

When the last notes of the hymn had died away a hush fell on the company; the preacher sat with bowed head. Then, abashed, and with tears glimmering in his eyes, Vet Munger rose, caught his thumb awkwardly into his leather watch-string, and stammered:

"If there's any chance for a hardened old scoffer like me to get this kind of religion that the Elder's caught in the Big Woods, I want it."

And this was the beginning of the Pentecost of No-God Hollow.



The Dawn of common sense in the use of flour was marked by the manufacture of flour from the entire wheat berry. Although a principal article of diet, in one form or another, flour had been suffered to become impoverished for the sake of color. The vital, blood producing elements of wheat are found in the darker parts, and cannot be made white.

Franklin Mills Flour

A FINE FLOUR OF THE ENTIRE WHEAT

when baked is a golden brown, and therein lies the secret of its health and strength giving qualities. The strength of the entire wheat berry is retained, the indigestible husk only being rejected.

If your grocer does not have it, send us his name and your order—we will see that you are supplied. Free Booklet for posts.

FOR SALE BY GROCERS ONLY BY

FRANKLIN MILLS CO., - Lockport, N. Y.

THE LINCOLN

Magazine Tooth Brush

The handle of the brush is a magazine, holding tooth powder. The handle folds over like a jack knife. You tap out the powder and use as an ordinary brush.

For Travel or Home Use

Handy when dressing in an upper berth, extra fine for the nursery

50 cts.

Extra Brushes, 25 cents extra

Special Offer. We will mail, postpaid, one Lincoln Magazine Brush & handsome nickeled case

I. Nelson Lincoln, 8 Weybosset Street PROVIDENCE, R. I.

WEBER PIANOS

"The achievements of Albert Weber, Senior, in the realm of tone [illegible] masterpieces of Cremona, still stand unrivaled."

Send for Catalogue. Correspondence invited.

WAREROOMS:

Fifth Ave. and 16th St., New York
268 Wabash Ave., Chicago
181 Tremont St., Boston

"THE GUARANTEE"

Frayed Edges a thing of the past

TROUSERS PROTECTORS

Insure Your Trousers Against Fraying

Perfection has been reached in this reinforcing metal device. Ready to go on any trousers by merely pressing with a hot flat iron. Once on will stay forever and keep edge intact. WE GUARANTEE A NEW PAIR OF TROUSERS for frayed ones in a certificate to this effect, to be used with [illegible], 10 cents per pair, or 15 cents [illegible], we will send you direct, postpaid, four pairs for 25 cents (stamps)

ISAACS & WITTENBERG
MAKERS
424 Broome Street, - New York

The "CHID" A Crotchless Cuff

They are new, possibly not yet in the hands of your dealer; if not, we will supply you direct on receipt of price, 25c. the Pair

CHID CUFF COMPANY
Lippincott Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

—THAT GLOVER'S APPRENTICE IN GLASGOW

MEN of PLUCK

By William Mathews, LL.D.

A WRITER in Blackwood's Magazine relates a striking incident in the life of Nassau William Senior, Professor of Political Economy at Oxford University.

When examined for his bachelor's degree he was "plucked." He failed in divinity, which, as it was then the first subject on which the aspirant was examined, rendered fruitless any amount of general acquisition, and insured immediate rejection. Nowise distrustful of himself, the young man determined to try again, and meanwhile looked out for a private tutor with whom to read. He called upon Richard Whately, afterward Archbishop of Dublin, and expressed a wish to be received by him as his pupil. Whately scarcely took the trouble to look his visitor in the face, but coolly answered:

"You were plucked, I believe. I never receive pupils unless I see reason to assume that they mean to aspire at honors."

"I mean to aspire at honors.'

"You do, do you?" was the rejoinder. "May I ask what class you intend to take?"

"A first class," said Senior coolly.

Whately's brow relaxed. He seemed tickled with the idea that a lad who had been plucked in November should propose to get into the first class in March; and he at once desired the plucky youth to come to be coached. Never were tutor and pupil better matched. Senior read hard—went up into the schools in March—and came out with the highest honors.

THE VICTORIES OF BULLDOG TENACITY

Who does not admire the pluck which this incident exemplifies? History abounds with illustrations showing that it is this bulldog tenacity that wins life's battles, whether fought in the field, the mart, the Senate or the forum. It was the bold onset made by a few resolute men against troops that had maintained successfully a hard day's combat that turned the scale, at last, at Lutzen in favor of the Swedes and broke the charm of Wallenstein's invincibility.

It was the pluck of Isaac Newton that led him, when he stood at school at the bottom of the lowermost form but one, to thrash the boy above him who had kicked him, and then to determine to vanquish him as a scholar, which he also did, rising to the top of his class. It was this quality that was preeminent in Liebig in his youth—the "booby" of his school, who, when sneeringly asked one day by the master what he proposed to become, since he was so poor a scholar, answered that he would be a chemist—a reply which provoked a laugh of derision from the whole school. Yet he lived to become one of the most eminent chemists of modern Europe.

Who can think without a thrill of admiration of that glover's apprentice in Glasgow, Scotland, who battled with almost incredible earnestness and persistence against the obstacles that confronted him in the acquisition of knowledge? Living with a relative, an old woman who was too poor to afford him a candle or even a bright firelight, he read books in the street by the light of a shop window and, when the shop was closed, climbed a lamp-post, and, clinging to it with one hand, held his book in the other, and thus mastered its contents. Who can wonder that he became one of his country's eminent scholars?

MEN WHO HAVE DEFIED FAILURE

How long and strenuously, against baffling discouragements, did Edison labor to make the phonograph produce an aspirated sound! "From eighteen to twenty hours a day, for the last seven months, I have worked at this single word—*specia*. I sent into the phonograph 'specia,' 'specia,' 'specia'; but the instrument responded 'pecia,' 'pecia,' 'pecia.' It was enough to drive one mad. But I held firm, and I have succeeded."

What was it that stung the little, ugly, stuttering Jack Curran into eloquence, and led him to toil till he had become one of the most powerful and brilliant advocates in Great Britain? It was the sarcasm of a member of a club—the nickname of "Orator Mum" given to him, a law-student, who, essaying one evening to speak, he had failed in a most humiliating way, and sat down without uttering a word. What did he then do? Give up? No; he began at once committing to memory and declaiming, day after day, for several hours, with earnestness and distinctness of enunciation, before a mirror, passages from the masterpieces of literature. By this practice he gradually overcame his defects, and, having Lord Eldon's requisite to distinction, viz., "to be not worth a shilling," rose, in spite of his physical disadvantages and inborn shyness, to the Alpine heights of his profession. So lamentably poor was he at his start in life that, writing afterward to a friend about his marriage, he said: "My wife and I were the only furniture of our apartments, and as to my rent, it stood pretty much the same chance of liquidation as the national debt."

John Ashley Cooper, the first Earl of Shaftesbury, was born a cripple, and could not at any time in life move without his man and his crutch. "I was never," he once said, "without a dull, aching pain of that side." He suffered also from daily epileptic fits; yet he became a member of Oliver Cromwell's Council, with reference to which that man of iron will used to say that "there was no one whom he was more at a loss how to manage than that Marcus Tullius Cicero, the little man with three names"—meaning Shaftesbury. "The little man" was afterward made Chancellor by Charles II, and it is to him that every Englishman and every American is indebted for that sheet anchor of their liberties, the Habeas Corpus Act. Imprisoned in the Tower by the capricious King, and compelled, at last, to fly to Holland, where he died, he seems never for a moment to have lost his self-confidence, his pluck, or elasticity and buoyancy of spirits.

THE STIMULUS OF DEFEAT

Some of the most extraordinary examples of pluck under disheartening circumstances have been furnished by military commanders. Napoleon said of one of his Marshals, Massena, that "he was not himself until the battle began to go against him; then, when the dead fell in ranks about him, were awakened his powers of combination, and he put on terror and victory as a robe."

Blucher, the obstinate old Prussian General, lost nine battles out of ten, but he quickly rallied, and showed to Napoleon, after every defeat, a more formidable front than before. Defeated and wounded, and thrown from his horse at Ligny, he led his troops two days later through mud, up steep defiles, amid torrents of rain, from Wavre to Waterloo, and won with Wellington the immortal victory that sealed the fate of his foe.

SOME PLUCKY MEN OF LETTERS

Brilliant as are these instances, the literary calling has shown examples of grit as notable as any seen in the field of arms. Look at Gibbon, toiling for twenty years with Herculean industry over his monumental history of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire! Seven years of ceaseless labor were spent in gathering and meditating on the materials for the work, the enormous scope of which rendered indispensable the most vast and accurate knowledge, not only of the whole range of Classical, Byzantine, Medieval and Oriental literature, during upward of thirteen centuries, but also of some of the greatest religious and social changes that have shaped the destinies of man—the rise of Christianity, the Mussulman dominion, and the institutions of Feudalism and Chivalry. The amount of reading, almost wholly in foreign tongues, involved in such a task might well appal the most indefatigable student. The task was, nevertheless, achieved; but when the historian began the labor of writing his great work, "all was dark and doubtful," and he was tempted to throw away all his labor. Girding up his loins with heroic resolution, he toiled on for thirteen years more, at the end of which his colossal task was done and the gulf between ancient and modern history was bridged.

See a Milton dictating his immortal epic in old age and in a world he cannot see; a Prescott and a Parkman writing their histories under constant physical discouragements; a Balzac consolidating his genius in a garret in Paris, in silence, in hunger, and in the deepest poverty; an Ainsworth patiently recompiling his Latin Dictionary which his wife had angrily burned; a Carlyle calmly buckling himself to the task of rewriting his French Revolution, which had cost him years of thought and drudging research, the manuscript of which a housemaid had consigned as waste paper to the flames; and a Bulwer giving to the world a hundred volumes of novels, essays, plays, history, and epic and satirical poems, in spite of ill health and incessant sneers at his shallowness and dandyism!

BALZAC

STAYING POWER THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

What lessons are these for young men! "I have been watching the careers of young men in this city for thirty years," said an eminent New York preacher recently, "and I find that the chief difference between the successful and the failures lies in the single element of *staying power*." It is by tenacity of purpose, rather than by sudden dash, however brilliant, that success is won. Hindrances, checks, trials, instead of defeating one, should bring out one's native force. "Feeble natures," on the contrary, as Balzac strikingly says, "live in their sorrows, instead of converting them into apothegms of experience. They are saturated with them, and they consume themselves by sinking back each day into the misfortunes of the past. To forget is the great secret of strong and creative existences—to forget after the manner of Nature, which knows no past, and begins again every hour the mysteries of her indefatigable productiveness." Hearken to an old English dramatist:

"The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them; sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear."

Wool Soap

For Toilet and Bath

Swift and Company, Makers, Chicago

It's Just as Easy

to have your room warm as to have it cold

Barler Heaters

are not the cheap kind that get out of order, but every one gives satisfaction for a lifetime.

No Smoke
No Odor

Solid brass oil tank and burners. One cent will run it one hour.

If your dealer don't sell BARLER HEATERS, we will ship you one **Catalogue Free.**

SENT ON APPROVAL, FREIGHT PAID

A. C. BARLER MFG. CO., 104 Lake St., Chicago

Solid Silver Forks and Spoons

Of the finest quality and workmanship. Made from extra well-cut and polished dies of the most beautiful patterns, at

One Dollar an Ounce

Send for Book of Designs

The Bailey, Banks and Biddle Company
Chestnut and Twelfth Streets
Philadelphia

The Charm of Music

is one of the most refining of home influences. Even a child can play the

Columbia Zither

It is one of the sweetest toned instruments in the world and produces most enchanting music.

Inexpensive, Instructive, Very Durable

No. 3, here illustrated, $6.00
Others, from $4.00 to $8.00

Send for the Columbia Zither you choose, C.O.D. or express paid on receipt of price. 100 Extra Tunes, 5 cents each. Catalogue Free.

THE PHONOHARP CO.
Dept. P. 158 Liverpool St., Boston, Mass.

PROMOTES HEALTH

Jaeger PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

New York: 30 West [illegible] St.
Brooklyn: 504 Fulton St.
Boston: 169 Tremont St.
Philadelphia: 924 Chestnut St.

WHAT to READ
The Books of the Week

Some of Our New Pacific Islands*

AFTER reading Mr. Caspar Whitney's new book I cannot help feeling that a more appropriate name would have been American Hawaii. But the title of a book is not of great importance if the book be interesting, and this second attempt of Mr. Whitney's is decidedly so. I fancy, however, that Mr. Whitney holds his readers because he is an out-of-doors kind of writer and quite devoid of affectation. This new book has in it the same kind of atmosphere. It is frank and outspoken; it is naive and breezy. I am not sure that I know what breeziness in literature really is, but it is hypercritical to quarrel with a writer's style and mode of expression if he tells you what you want to know and, while administering the instruction, also entertains you. And in Hawaii we are all interested, for pretty nearly everything that is good there is American, and the changes that have taken place have been the direct result of active American influence and example.

To the adventuresome he tells where and where not to go; what and what not to try to do. For the capitalist he also gives valuable information. For the general reader, however, Mr. Whitney has found much that is interesting, and he describes the social and the ethnological conditions that exist in Hawaii with the frankness of one writing about a stock farm. His conclusions are that the mixtures of foreign with native blood, whether the foreign blood come from China or from the United States, are of advantage, and result in a people quite superior in energy and in mental and physical strength to the Polynesians, who were a comparatively pure race in the islands at the beginning of this century. Next to the Americans, our author believes that the Chinese are the most useful men who have gone to Hawaii, and in this he thoroughly agrees with those who know the East the best. What is more, the Hawaiian women find that the Chinamen make good husbands—inferior only to the genuine Yankees who have settled in that land of perpetual spring and fallen in love with the women whose lustrous eyes rival in softness and beauty the moon which shines upon their seas and their gorgeous fields of flowers.

—Jno. Gilmer Speed.

Love and Science†

LETITIA BERKELEY, A. M., is, I believe, Miss Josephine Bontecou Steffens' first novel. It is a strong book; from first to last the interest is tense and compelling. Is it not unfortunate, then, that it should be so unpleasant?

Miss Steffens has talent—strenuous and sincere. She has evident culture and a large measure of scientific information—as science goes in these days. All her accomplishments she has placed at the service of that sort of fiction which is better unread and best unwritten.

I do not say that such a woman as Letitia Berkeley, A. M., is impossible. Modern conditions may create just such a type. Always there have been women who sinned against the conventions; always there have been women who justified their revolt. Letitia's sin, however, is exceptional—exceptional in its cold unconcern and in the comfortable casuistry with which she pronounces a sentence of "self-acquittal."

And who is this Letitia Berkeley?

Were she a shallow, silly girl—were she an untrained girl of impulse—one might judge her case differently; but she is described as the flower of the modern educational system. She went from a scholarly and virtuous home to college, from college to the medical schools. She is a woman of disciplined mind and uncommon intelligence. She reads Greek and Latin with "feet-on-the-fender ease." Her love affairs are interspersed with discussions of diseases of the brain, of Kant, Darwin, "panmixia, natural selection, somatic and germ cells, and the immortality of the germ plasm."

And this reasoning woman—schooled, alert, disdainful of the simple, ignorant person who still believes in virtue and religion, sees in sin only a worn-out prejudice. By her mastership in arts she is above that sort of thing.

What is the end of it all?

A true man comes to her. He loves her and is willing to forgive her past and make her his wife.

"To forgive!" she cries, her white face in a sudden flame; "I cannot submit to be forgiven for a wrong I have not done." In her eyes her sin is no sin; her wrong is no wrong; and so she "goes her way, back into life, alone," taking with her a conscience that seems to be about as delicate as that of a sparrow.

The book's learning, its shrewd observation and grim realism—for instance, the scenes in dissecting-rooms and anarchist clubs of Paris—its pathetic fallacies and bold outlawry of thought, all serve only to heighten its essentially anti-moral, anti-religious purpose.

The book that is avowedly bad is harmless—only the bad will read it; but Letitia Berkeley, A. M., is one of those sincere, wrong-headed books in which there is infinite possibility of harm.

—Vance Thompson.

Doctor Doyle on Himself.—Doctor Doyle, author of The Taming of the Jungle, left India when a youth of eighteen to study medicine in London, but he has always looked forward to returning. He describes himself as "a moony boy," which may or may not be transcribed in his favor. He says the love of an English boy for his old Hindu nurse is the same kind of emotion which a Southerner of the United States feels for his darky mammy.

Wrote to Supply a Want.—Joseph A. Altsheler says he began to write short stories because he failed to find stories of his sort in a search through the various publications of the country. He is a newspaper man by profession, and his most notable piece of work is a series of letters from Honolulu. Liliuokalani had such belief in this young man's journalistic work that she remarked to a friend: "If I could only get him to champion my cause I would be secure." Mr. Altsheler has just finished a novel of the Civil War.

Robert Barr and the Four-Hour Wedding.—When George Brown Burgen, Jerome K. Jerome's assistant on the staff of The Idler, was married, a few years ago, to one of the prettiest and wealthiest Quakeresses in London, at the old meeting-house at Bishopsgate, the attendance was large. Besides the friends of the bride there was the Jerome circle of literary men; "The Idler," himself; Captain Patmore, Robert Barr, Rideal, Nettleship, the painter, and a lot of other men high in official life whom the groom had met during his three years' residence in Constantinople, where he was secretary to the late Valentine Baker.

It was a great wedding, and the record bore the names of more witnesses than any other that little church had ever known. The witnesses had nothing else to do but to write their names. It was a diversion they looked forward to, for the ceremony, preceded by extempore and inspirational prayers, consumed four long hours. And it was a forenoon wedding, on a hot day, and the church was crowded. Toward the close of the ceremonies Mr. Barr, lately of Detroit and Chicago, remarked feelingly to his nearest neighbor as he glanced at his watch: "Four hours! Bless me! Why, out West in my country a couple could easily get married and be divorced in half that time."

Versatile Mr. Wells.—H. G. Wells, the writer of wonder books, is of medium height, medium complexion, is clean shaven, and has an Ellen Terry chin. While Mr. Wells has become known to American readers only within the past two or three years, he has been an industrious pen-worker in London for four years or more. Most of his effort has been spent on scientific and educational subjects. He is only thirty-three years old, and has been a student and pedagogue ever since his graduation from the Royal School of Science in 1888. He began story-writing in 1895, and was laid up by a serious illness last year resulting from a football accident. His father was a famous professional cricket-player, and he is almost as well known in the athletic field as he is in science and literature. His favorite forms of recreation are the investigation of cases of curious and complicated illness and the study of architecture.

Mrs. Earle as an Editor.—The growth of the national societies of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Daughters of the Revolution, the Colonial Dames and other patriotic organizations has made a market for numerous books which portray the lives of the eminent women in Colonial and Revolutionary times. Perhaps the best-known author in this line is Mrs. Alice Morse Earle, of Brooklyn, whose book, Margaret Winthrop, is a vivid picture of the period. Mrs. Earle is a genealogist and historian by nature, and keeps little scrapbooks about her friends of the present day just as carefully as she does her histories of famous ancient characters.

Because of this hobby she was invited by a sick friend who was a newspaper woman to edit her "Woman's Page" for a short time and supply little pieces called "fillers." She did so unbeknown to the powers that be, with the result that the editor is said to have informed the regular staff writer that her work was better and more original than for a long time.

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

THE Tory Maid, by Herbert B. Stimpson, is an account of "the adventures of James Frisby, of Fairlee, in the County of Kent, on the Eastern Shore of the State of Maryland, and some time an officer in the Maryland Line of the Continental Army during the War of the Revolution." *Dodd, Mead & Co.*

A Green Mariner, by Howard Ireland, is a landsman's log of a deep-sea voyage. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

On General Thomas' Staff, by Byron A. Dunn, is a story of Civil War adventures founded upon fact. *A. C. McClure & Co.*

A Gentleman Player, by Robert N. Stephens, is a romance of the days of Queen Elizabeth. *L. C. Page & Co.*

Under Otis in the Philippines, by Edward Stratemeyer, belongs to the fall crop of up-to-date war stories for boys. *Lee & Shepard.*

Lally of the Brigade, by L. McManus, is the story of the doings of the Irish Brigade at the siege of Cremona, in the time of Louis XIV, against the Austrians of Prince Eugene. *L. C. Page & Co.*

Arms and the Woman, by Harold MacGrath, is a breezy story about people of high degree. *The Doubleday & McClure Co.*

The Christian Life, by Borden P. Bowne, strives to clear up some of the confusions of popular religious thought and speech. *Eaton & Mains.*

Told Under the Cherry Trees, by Grace Le Baron, is the latest of Mrs. Upham's stories for girls. *Lee & Shepard.*

The Bordentown Story-Tellers, by Hezekiah Butterworth, is a volume of Swiss kindergarten tales adapted for the use of American young folk. *A. L. Bradley & Co.*

*Hawaiian America. By Caspar Whitney. *Harper & Brothers.*

†Letitia Berkeley, A. M. By Josephine Bontecou Steffens. *Frederick A. Stokes & Co.*

One Step to Success

From a poor position to a good one without loss of time. Hundreds of our students have advanced directly from the shop to positions as Mechanical or Architectural Draughtsmen, Electrical or Steam Engineers, Architects, Surveyors, Chemists, Correspondents, Stenographers and Bookkeepers. We guarantee to give you a thorough technical education by mail. Mention the profession you wish to enter.

The International Correspondence Schools, Box 1171 SCRANTON, PA.

You have missed a great feast of humor if you have not read "How to Cook Husbands"

4th EDITION. Holiday binding, leather, $1.25; cloth, $1.00

The Boston Beacon says: "The author has a keen sense of the ridiculous, and her accounts abound in wit that, like Benjamin Franklin's, calls forth a laugh for its fun, and at the same time conveys a sermon that sticks to the memory like a burr."

DODGE PUBLISHING CO.
Department 12. 150 Fifth Avenue NEW YORK

"Twelve Months with the Social Trust"

A Society Calendar

By A. PAUL GARDINER

The Combined Social Interests, represented by types carefully selected from Metropolitan Swelldom, seen at the prominent society functions for twelve months of the year.

FOR A FEW WEEKS ONLY

this Calendar of Beautifully Engraved Illustrations, size 9x12 inches, will be clubbed with a year's subscription to MODES AND FABRICS at $1.00.

Articles in November and December MODES AND FABRICS, from Bret Harte, Helen Watterson Moody, Elsa Barford, and others.

Send Orders to MODES AND FABRICS PUBLISHING CO. Dept. A, 150 Pearl Street, New York City

9 LINEN DOILIES FOR 10 CENTS

We will send to any one nine handsome linen doilies, stamped on fine white linen. Also, our new 100-page catalogue of Fancy Work, Novelties and Jewelry on receipt of 10 cents. Write for them.

C. S. DAVISSON & CO.
48 E. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Dept. 54

The **Lloyd Muffler**

Cotton, 25 cts.; Worsted, 50 cts.

Made in colors—White, Blue, Black and Garnet. A perfect protection for the throat and chest against the wind and cold. For Men, Women, Boys or Girls. Easily put on and taken off; fastens in back with clasp. Ask your dealer for them or mail us price—we will send on approval.

STRATFORD KNITTING MILLS
310 Cherry Street, Philadelphia

MUSIC SELF-TAUGHT All can Learn Music without a Teacher

Prof. Rice's Self-Teaching SYSTEM

Rapid, Correct. Notes, Chords, Accompaniments, Harmony
Established 12 Years. Sample Lesson, 10 cents. Circulars Free
C. S. RICE MUSIC CO., A-241 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ills.

Gen. Andrew Lewis.

DO YOU **STAMMER**

Write at once for our new 200-page book, The Origin and Treatment of Stammering. The largest and most instructive book of its kind ever published. Sent free to any address for 6c., in stamps to cover postage. Ask also for a free sample copy of The Phono-Meter, a monthly paper exclusively for persons who stammer. Address

The Lewis School for Stammerers
210 Adelaide Street, Detroit, Mich.

AD SENSE is worth the price, 50c. a year, and if you want to know it, send three 2c. stamps for sample copy. *Ex uno disce omnes.* Send 25c. for six months to The Ad Sense Co., 91 Fifth Ave., Chicago, or ask your newsman for it.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN ART?

If so, send your name and address on a card to ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS (AMERICAN BRANCH) Box 1185, Philadelphia, Pa.

and they will send you, free, a description of the beautiful art works they issue.

LAW taught by mail. Prepares for the bar in any State, for business, or public life. Our students admitted to advanced standing by regular colleges. Univ. methods. Write.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION LAW SCHOOL, Journal Bldg., Chicago

How to Form a Village Golf CLUB

An Expert's Advice to Beginners

By H. L. Fitz Patrick

HOW may we best introduce golf into our neighborhood?" The question is an echo of the hour, for now that the game is established at the country clubs East and West, and has made its way into the estates of our millionaires, into the life of the fashionable summer and winter resorts, and, in a limited degree, into the public parks of Chicago, Boston, New York and Brooklyn, the "royal and ancient game" is entering upon the stage in which it will confer the greatest good—the "fresh fields and pastures new" of village life.

The occupation, like that of our troops in Manila, promises to be a permanent one, for golf is not of the order ephemera in sports, if the antiquity and vogue of the game in Scotland and England as a recreation for the commonalty is a true index to the future of the pastime in our land and Canada. Nothing but blessings will follow such a consummation, for, with the stimulus of rivalry which is the essence of sport, the benefits it confers are good health and good fellowship in the best degree. An ulterior advantage of a well-kept-up village links in a neighborhood visited by the summer tourists, in which there may be a number of boarding-houses and hotels, is that the golf course will be a potent attraction that will set a golden stream flowing into the community. But aside from this consideration, golf is wholly a benefit to the social life of a town or village. It draws folk from out their shells and brings about a general intercourse that kills whatever is narrow or stilted in a population. Once united in the striving to master the slogan, "Don't press, slow back, and keep the eye on the ball," all false ideas of caste vanish like snow before thaw. Golf, too, while the most sociable, is also the most solitary of outdoor recreations, for while a hundred persons may engage in a stroke handicap at one time, a golfer may enjoy the game to the full when quite alone on the links.

A GAME FOR BOTH SEXES AND ALL AGES

Golf is the one outdoor sport in which persons of all ages may engage and find relaxation. Children, with sets of clubs little more than toys, can potter about without interfering with their elders. They are animate hazards merely, over which the good player sends the ball soaring far and true. Women readily acquire a fair game, while many who play with the best are gray-haired men who renew their youth in the daily match on the links. Still, to play the game for all that is in it, as a competitive sport, the golfer must be a trained athlete. To win a golf championship is a test of muscular powers as severe as to strive with success on the cinder-path or the football field, while as a proof of will-power, the self-concentration of the golfer is conceded to tax the nerves as much as to ride a steeplechase or to gallop with the ball through a mêlée at polo.

At thirty-five, a professional golfer in Great Britain is spoken of as old in regard to the championship class. It is a compensation of the game that, although a golfer may not be capable of an entire round in championship scoring, there is always a hole or two to be made on each outing in a par four or five strokes. It is the striving to do this, to equal on one day at a certain hole the score made the day or week before, that keeps the indifferent golfer buoyed up with enthusiasm. To one who takes his golfing in this proper spirit there is a compensation even in missing. He can cheerily sing, with Frank Buckland's angler,

"Much for my sport I cannot say,
Though, mind, I like the fun."

HOW TO FORM A VILLAGE GOLF CLUB

But the question, meanwhile, is dinning on the ear. Answered categorically, the first thing to do is to form a golf club. If there is an understanding on the point among those interested, a meeting may be called at the house of one of the party; otherwise, those taking the initiative may send out a circular letter to those likely to join. At the start-off the two important matters, aside from the usual formative steps in any organization, will be the appointment of two committees, one to lease grounds—for to purchase outright is usually far beyond the power of a village club—and the second to arrange the classes of membership and the dues to be paid, as well as the general constitution and by-laws. The selection of the Green Committee and Captain may be laid over to the first meeting after the ground is acquired. It is to be presumed that the new club does not wish, figuratively, to build a Chinese wall about its course, but that, instead, non-resident members will be welcome to play under certain well-defined restrictions. Provisions, therefore, may be made for the following classes of members: active, associate, junior and limited.

The dues to be paid will be about $25 a year for active members, who shall be men over twenty-one years of age; the associate members are women, who will pay about $10 a year and have all the privileges of the men except voting. The junior members are boys under age and girls under eighteen, who will pay the same dues as the associates. The dues to be paid by the limited members will depend on what the golf club has to offer in the way of links. On one of the best of the seaside links where there are hundreds of summer sojourners the fees for a limited member is five dollars for one week, eight dollars for two weeks, ten dollars for three weeks, fifteen dollars for a month and twenty-five dollars for the season. The rates

are shaded for women and boys. These dues may be increased or lowered according to the scale on which the village club is conducted, and, in a centre of summer boarders, the money received from the limited members should defray nearly all the running expenses. An initiation fee is usually waived until at least one-half the limit for each class of members has been obtained, when it may be fixed at a proper figure for each grade.

GETTING ON A SOUND FINANCIAL BASIS

These details fixed, the next step will be to have the club legally incorporated so that it may borrow money from its members or elsewhere to lay out its course and possibly construct buildings. If property is to be purchased, or other steps taken that will entail a considerable expenditure, the best plan is for the club to issue interest-bearing bonds to be redeemed within a certain time. Finally, when the organization is effected, the club should apply for an allied membership in the United States Golf Association. This will cost $25 a year, and, besides giving to the members the right to enter for the amateur, women's or open championship, it insures a welcome to the club members should they attend an open tournament in any part of the land. If there is a State or other local golfing association, subsidiary to the United States Golf Association, in the district in which the club is started, a membership should also be taken up in this body. The dues will be about $10 a year, and the step adds to the stability of a club and also is a move to perpetuate the game. There is little room in golf for the club that insists on "paddling its own canoe."

The work of the committee on the choice of grounds will be simplified if the advice of an expert is called upon, who will also lay out the links. The rivalry between the business houses in the different cities dealing in golf clubs and balls has made it an easy matter to procure the services of such an expert at a moderate cost, but, where a club intends to spend from $10,000 upward on a links, it will be found profitable to obtain the opinions of the best professionals within call and to pay liberally for each report. But if the village links is to be on a small scale the grounds committee may set forth on its own account. The search should be for a stretch of undulating grassland; an old sheep pasture is the very best to be had.

SOME HINTS ON LAYING OUT THE LINKS

When there is ground available and the funds to maintain the course are in hand, an eighteen-hole course varying in playing length from 5200 to 5800 yards should be laid out. The shape may be quite arbitrary, but an oval in which the nine holes *out* follow each other in an approximately straight line, and the returning, or *in* holes, cover a parallel line in the opposite direction, is the best formation. About 110 acres of ground will be needed for a course of this sort, whether long, circular, or an arrangement of the holes on a square field. Proportionately, a course may be of nine or even of six holes. The number of holes depends on the land available, and there must be no crowding of the lines of play, nor should the road to one hole cross the line to another hole.

Properly laid out, 110 acres will furnish a championship course with a playing length of nearly 6000 yards. The order of the holes will be based on the full drive of 180 yards, the long holes being multiples of this distance with an allowance for approach shots of varying lengths, while the short holes will be a drive and one approach. The exceptionally short holes, from 145 to 100 yards, are seldom justifiable except when there is some special hazard, like a sand pit, pond or steep hillock to be carried on the tee shot. In choosing the ground it should be kept in mind, contrary to a somewhat prevalent opinion, that the fair green of a links should be as well turfed as a baseball field or cricket ground, and as free from stones or rocks. At intervals the fair green may be crossed by obstacles: brooks, ponds, ditches, gullies, bushes or artificial bunkers, which must be carried by the ball in its flight. Such obstacles are termed hazards, and in no case should a player who fails to carry one be punished more than a stroke, or at the most two, in getting out, nor should the hazards be so placed that a fair, well-played stroke shall be punished. It is hardly possible to dispense with the services of an expert in laying out a golf course, and certainly none but a very good player could hope to succeed in planning one.

HOW TO FIT THE NEW COURSE FOR PLAY

The course laid out, the work of fitting it for play must be undertaken. The first work must be a clearing away of the brushwood, rocks, etc., and next the strengthening of the turf by sodding or sowing. Steam or horse rollers and cutting machines must now be put at work, and they will be in constant use as long as the ground is used for golf. It will be found, when the members set out to explore their new recreation ground, that each hole has three divisions—the tee, or starting-place; the fair green, and the putting-green, or holing-out place. The distance from tee to putting-green may be as far as 550 yards, or a third of a mile. The tees are marked by flat iron plates imbedded in the turf, for the raised dirt tees are no longer used when it can be avoided, and to one side is a box to hold sand, marked usually with the number and distance of the hole. Through the fair greens posts are often placed, or sometimes flags, a white color denoting the line of play and red or yellow a hazard. On the putting-green, imbedded in the hole, which is four and a quarter inches in diameter and four

The Saturday Evening Post

For next week will number among its contributors some of the foremost American writers:

Thomas B. Reed

The former Speaker of the National House of Representatives, contributes to this number the second of his notable papers. His subject is Conservatism—the aversion of individuals and of nations for new things—and he gives a score of examples of how public opinion has fought against them. Mr. Reed grants that there is a vast difference between the civilized man of to-day and his Simian ancestor, but he thinks it has taken a good while to work the change.

The Rule of Public Opinion

Vance Thompson

This brilliant writer, who is now representing the Post in Paris, is the author of an out-of-the-way story of a New York newsboy. The Jensen Boy is much like other street urchins of great cities, but occasionally he has unaccountable impulses—which many of us have shared—that lead to results which are almost uncanny.

The Jensen Boy

W. C. Coup

The Post has secured several articles by the late W. C. Coup, a pioneer in the circus business in this country. In the first of these papers he tells some of the funniest of the secrets of the circus.

Freaks and Fakes of the Circus

N. A. Jennings

The author of A Texas Ranger, tells the story of a railroad man's race for freedom, in the days when Mexican soldiery gave short shrift to a Yankee engineer who was the cause of an accident to a greaser.

A Dash for the Border

Adachi Kinnosuké

A successful Japanese author, writes, in his own quaint and exotic style, a tale of the Imperial University, at Tokyo.

The Jinrikisha Man

Hayden Carruth

A favorite among the Post's humorous writers, is the biographer of a remarkable hen, whose passion for setting extended to lumps of steam coal, brindled doorknobs and red billiard balls.

The Great Setting of Everlasting Hills

Price, Five Cents the Copy

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

inches deep, is a tin or iron cup to keep the earth from falling in. Inserted in each cup is a tall iron disk or a flag to mark the location of the hole, which must be lifted out before the putting begins. The paraphernalia to outfit the course in these respects will cost about $50 for a nine-hole links.

MATCH PLAY AND MEDAL PLAY DISTINGUISHED

There are two forms of golf, match and medal play. The former is the game proper and is usually played by two persons, the one winning the most holes on the round being the victor. A, who takes four for the first hole, for instance, wins it from B who needs five strokes to hole out, and a similar comparison of strokes is made at each hole on the round. The second variety of the game, medal play, came into vogue to enable a large number of golfers to participate at one time for a cup or other trophy. At medal play only the total of the strokes for the entire round is considered. A, for instance, who scores 50 strokes, will win from B with 51 strokes, no matter how they may stand at match play on the round. Both at match and medal play the players give or take odds in strokes—that is, allow handicaps, and by this same system of allowances to a greater degree than in any other sport a strong player and a "duffer" may be brought together on such even terms that each will enjoy the game.

The object at each form of golf is to make each hole in the fewest possible strokes. In setting out, the player and his partner will go to the first tee, and after deciding by tossing a coin which shall play first—the honor—the round begins. A pinch of earth is taken from the sand box, on which the ball is cocked up, and then taking the driver, as the club that sends the longest balls, the player will take his position, technically stance, and send the ball flying. For the next shot, if the hole is a long one, the driver will be used again, or, if the lie is bad, a brassy or a cleek must be used. Then to approach the putting-green a lofter or mashie will be needed, and, finally, the putter, to hole-out with.

THE DIFFERENT CLUBS AND THEIR USES

The absolutely essential clubs for a beginner are the driver, cleek and mashie. Whether taking up the game on a new links or old, many think it best for a novice to set out with these three clubs alone, and after a month's play to select the other clubs of his set. The professionals, however, always advise a beginner to start in with a full set, but as they sell the clubs there may be a motive in this advice. But sooner or later the beginner will need a full set. The use of the clubs is based on the division of the average drive, just as the length of the holes is its multiple. A full set will consist of the driver, which will send the ball 180 yards or farther; the brassy, a metal-soled driver, which sends the ball nearly as far; the cleek, safe for 145 yards or more; the lofter, for approaches of 125 yards or less; the mashie, for shorter approaches, and the putter, with which the ball is sent into the hole.

This set of clubs, with a caddie bag to hold them, will cost from $15 to $20, according to the maker. Extra clubs, each good in its way, like wooden spoons and driving irons, need not be bought until the beginner yearns for them. There is but one standard golf ball, that of gutta-percha and weighing 27½ pennyweights. They cost from $3.50 to $4 a dozen, but, unless lost in high grass, a ball will withstand even the hard knocks from a beginner for a long time.

WHAT TO WEAR FOR GOLF

The clothing for golf, like the suits men wear fishing, are chosen more for comfort than style. The one distinctive golf fixing is the heavy, spike-studded shoes which must be worn to prevent slipping when swinging for a stroke. Red coats are time-honored in golf, and, when decked out with the club button and braid, both women and men should wear them on club days and on other special occasions. Otherwise the red coats are not obligatory. Above all, let the beginner remember to speak of his golf clubs, for the word sticks is banished from the lexicon of the game.

THE NUTMEG ALARMOPHONE

By Hayden Carruth

"HE SEEMED like an ingenious young man," observed Judge Crabtree thoughtfully. "Almost too ingenious, I'm afraid. Though he said he was from Connecticut, and that, of course, will account for a great deal."

"How much did he borrow from you?" asked Major Dodge in a sympathetic tone.

"He may have been ingenious, but it doesn't follow that he borrowed anything," returned the Judge with considerable severity. "Some of my own ancestors were from the Nutmeg State. I shouldn't have listened to him but he said he was a nephew of my old schoolmate, Tom Dwyer. I can't think that he would have deceived me on that point. He was going to tell me about Tom, but he was so busy talking about his invention that he forgot it. Says it's not only going to make him rich, but cause him to rank as a public benefactor as well.

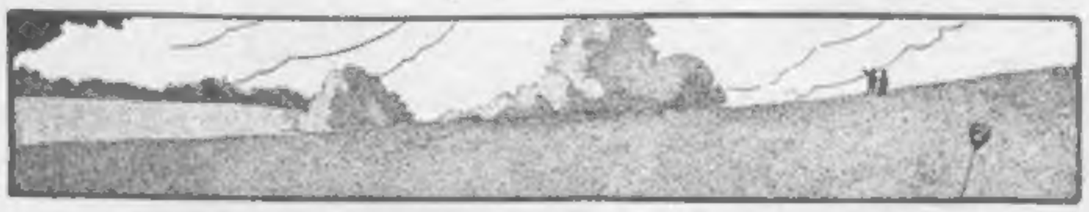
"You know how we city dwellers live in an atmosphere of alarm bells and gongs. Well, my young friend has noticed that people are becoming hardened to them—sort of immune, you know, so that they don't make any impression on them. He got some valuable statistics from carefully observing a neighbor, a prominent citizen and an old resident in Bridgeport. Three years ago the old gentleman would jump eleven feet at the sound of a near-by fire-engine gong, nine feet for an electric car, the same distance for an ambulance, and fourteen feet and six inches followed by a run of two blocks for a bicycle. My interesting young friend kept up a close observation of him, and at the end of a year was surprised to find that his jumps had decreased on an average of three feet. At the end of the next year they had fallen off another yard and some inches. Last summer, at the close of the fiscal year, I believe he said, the old gentleman had got down so that he scarcely paid any attention to an ambulance, automobile or fire engine, and only made a quick step for a trolley car and a languid hop for a bicycle.

"About this time, fortunately for the cause of inventive progress, the nephew of my old schoolmate went out to Chicago to visit friends. Noticing that he was a studious chap, fond of art and literature, they took him down to the stockyards and showed him through the pork-packing works. He saw it all—from A to Z—from the live swine to the tin pail of lard. His friends pointed out particularly how nothing was wasted—everything, even to the crooked tail of the porker, being utilized in some way. They didn't fail to work in the well-known little local joke at this point. 'Nothing is lost,' they remarked impressively, 'except the squeal.' 'Humph,' returned my ingenious young Connecticut friend, 'such wastefulness is criminal. I am going to save that.'

"The able young man immediately set to work. His idea, as you may guess, was to capture and condense the squeal, and use it in place of gongs on moving vehicles to warn a gong-hardened generation. With an improved and modified phonograph he succeeded in carrying out his project. Armed with a cylinder containing the condensed squeal of six Berkshire swine he hurried back to Bridgeport. Here he induced the trolley company to let him place his apparatus on a car. He then waited about till the old gentleman before mentioned happened on the track as this car came along. The motorman touched a spring with his foot and let out about five hundred volts of squeal. To the intense delight of the nephew of my former schoolmate, the old gentleman cleared a park fence and went tearing off across the landscape. My young friend saw that his invention was a success and that his fortune was made."

"How much stock did you subscribe for?" broke in the Major.

"Nothing was said about that," returned the Judge. "He happened to be a little short, and I let him have $1.40 to get back to Bridgeport. I'd have thought perhaps he was exaggerating if he hadn't been the nephew of my old friend, Tom Dwyer. I told him to send down an alarmophone. Knew you'd want one on your bicycle."



SINGER SEWING-MACHINES

Every American warship carries a sewing-machine as a part of its regular equipment; besides this there are usually one or more sailors on each vessel who purchase hand machines and act as "ship's tailor," thereby earning a tidy sum by making or repairing clothing for their mates. Here, as in every other occupation using a sewing-machine, **The Singer** has the preference over all others because of its simplicity, its reliable construction, and its good work under all conditions. While powerful warships and great guns are good things for the Nation at some times, Singer Sewing-Machines are essential to its people all the time, whether afloat or ashore.

SOLD ONLY BY
THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.
SALESROOMS IN EVERY CITY

WRIGLEY'S MINERAL SCOURING SOAP Established 1870

"The Open Door" to cleanliness. Best in the world. The tidy housekeeper's assistant. Buy a bar to-day. Five Cents. (THE WRIGLEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Wayne Junction, Philadelphia)

CALIFORNIA
GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE

LOW RATES ON OUR PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOURIST EXCURSIONS

SCENIC ROUTE leaves Boston every Wednesday, Chicago every Thursday, via Colorado Springs and Salt Lake to San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland.

SOUTHERN ROUTE leaves Chicago every Tuesday, via Kansas City, Ft. Worth and El Paso to Los Angeles and San Francisco.

These Excursion Cars are attached to Fast Passenger Trains, and their popularity is evidence that we offer the best.

Write for Tourist Dictionary. SENT FREE. Address

JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago

THE ANGLE LAMP

You May As Well use a light that is a luxury as to use one that smokes, smells or turns up your income. The Angle Lamp is so near perfection that it makes the ordinary lamp look ridiculous, and gas and electricity an unwarranted luxury. While its light is most brilliant, it never smokes, smells or gets out of order, requires almost no care, is lighted and extinguished as easily as gas, and is an object lesson in economy—eighteen cents' worth of ordinary kerosene oil burns for one month.

Do you know of any other light that is guaranteed to do these things? The feature, "No-Under-Shadow," alone places it beyond competition, because it leaves every ray of light falling just where needed.

Many thousands of these lamps are now in use in homes, stores, offices, churches, theatres, etc., etc., and users look upon it as the solution of the light problem. If you are interested in perfect illumination, send for our Catalogue B, showing all styles from $1.50 up.

THE ANGLE LAMP CO.
76 PARK PLACE —— NEW YORK

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

How to Press and Crease Trousers

A handsome book by one of the leading tailors of the United States. Half tone illustrations fully explain every detail of the operation so clearly that any one can press and crease trousers with splendid results.

This handsome volume will be mailed to any address, postage paid, on receipt of 50c, in money order or stamps.

SPECIAL OFFER: We will, until further notice, send Free with each order for the handsome book another one of the same author's works, entitled "How to Fold a Suit of Clothes or Overcoat." This book is of especial interest to all who travel, as it so thoroughly explains every small detail of folding the garments, thus preventing wrinkles, no matter how long they have been folded in this manner.

Should you desire only this book it will be mailed to you, postage paid, for 25c., money order or stamps.

FRED A. BRENN
207 First Street, Jackson, Mich.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME

With Reproductions from

Famous Paintings

In Platinum, Mounted Ready for Framing. They are the Famous Beacon Hill Prints, 8 x 10 on 11 x 14 mounts.

50c. each

CELEBRITY PHOTO AND ART CO.
Studio 14, 3 Park Street
BOSTON

Wayne Knit
MATCHLESS
HOSIERY
For MEN, LADIES, CHILDREN

Fits Like a Glove. Never Loses its Shape. Outwears several pairs ordinary hosiery. Colors guaranteed. Sold Everywhere.

25 CENTS A PAIR
Trade-Mark Stamped on Each Pair

If **your** dealer does not sell it, send us his name and 25 cents for sample pair, postpaid, Booklet, which tells **why** Wayne Knit Matchless Hosiery is superior to all other kinds, sent FREE.

WAYNE KNITTING MILLS, FORT WAYNE, IND.

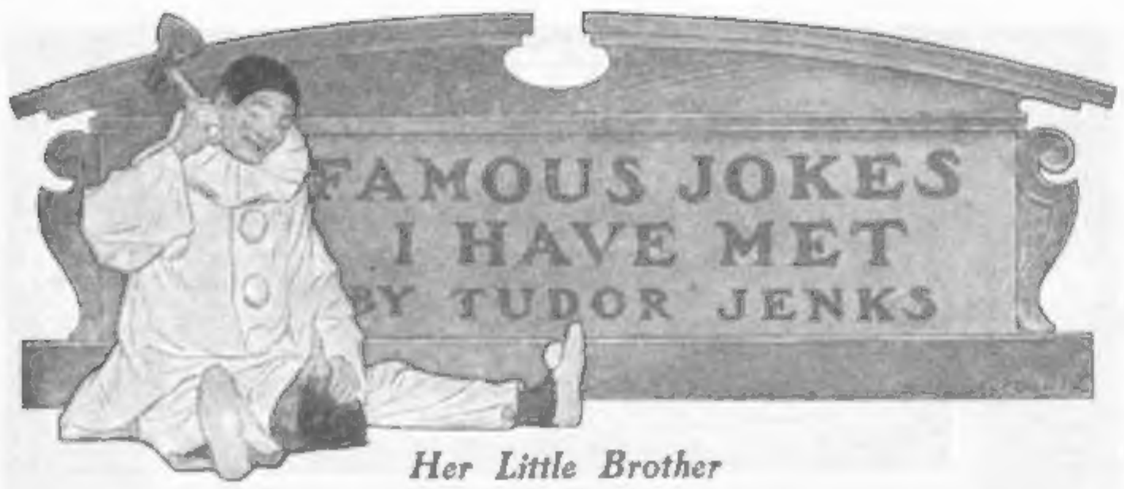
"Mizpah" Valve Nipples
WILL NOT COLLAPSE

and therefore prevent much colic. The valve prevents a vacuum being formed to collapse them. The ribs inside prevent collapsing when the child bites them. The rim is such that they cannot be pulled off the bottle. *Sample Free by Mail.*

WALTER F. WARE, 512 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PAYS to write for our 250-page **free** book. Tells how men with small capital can make money with a **Magic Lantern** or **Stereopticon**.

McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., New York



Her Little Brother

MY DAUGHTER—my eldest daughter—visited the Massachusetts coast last summer. Upon her return we were not in all respects satisfied that her summer trip had been a success. This was a distinct disappointment, since the expense had made quite a dent in my bank account, and I had hoped that a certain listlessness with which she had been affected would quite disappear.

I had expected that she would at least catch golf before her return, since it was known to be epidemic all along the coast.

It took, in both arms; and when she returned we hoped that she would pass regularly through the stages and acquire the art and language. But there was something wrong. She was willing to play the game, but did not care about it with the right enthusiasm. I did my best to draw her out.

"I understand," I would say, "that golf is very engrossing?"

"Yes, very."

"I suppose you can hole out a brassy with the best of them?"

"I—er—— That is—— Now, father, you are not interested!"

"But really I am," I would go on eagerly; "I am, indeed. Only of course I'm not thoroughly up in the game. I'd like to learn, immensely. I think I'll join a golf links, and buy a caddie."

"But the caddie is the boy who carries the clubs," she said wearily.

"He does, eh? Well, then I'll join the clubs, and buy me a putty."

"Now you're only joking," she said. "It isn't a putty, but a putter. And you join a club, and—— But what is the use?" and then she would walk away and sigh.

Here was a golf-player who wouldn't talk about golf! It was most alarming.

There was only one encouraging symptom, and he was a young doctor who used to call—well, quite often. She had met him on the links, so we gathered, and certainly the two talked about golf whenever they met—so far as we knew.

It wasn't long before my daughter came to me for the initiation fee to join a golf club to which young Doctor Simmons belonged. I gave her the money with eager joy, and at the first opportunity I thanked the doctor for his kind interest in my daughter.

❧

"You are a shrewd young man," I said, "and you ought to rise in your profession. You have seen how anxious we have been to interest Gwendolen in golf, and you have seconded our efforts ably. I appreciate your disinterestedness, and I shall not forget it."

He seemed confused, and murmured something about "his own pleasure," but I smiled courteously and cut him short.

My son Bobby was at first scornfully superior to the attractions of the new game. He used to cough in a highly artificial way when Doctor Simmons and Gwendolen were exchanging views about bogie, and puttees, and bunkers, and lofters, and would try to engage me in a vigorous discussion as to the charms of jackstones, old maid, muggins, and other trivial games. So far as golf was concerned, he seemed an immune.

Therefore we were all much surprised, one evening at dinner, to hear him interrupt Doctor Simmons, who was delivering an enthusiastic eulogy of the royal game.

"It is adapted," said the young physician, "to every age. It has all the fascination of billiards, with the added glories of the open air. It is cheap and yet engrossing. The simplicity of the game—to drive the ball toward its goal and to place it accurately on the green, whence it is deftly propelled into the hole—alone makes it simple for the child and a game of skill for the adept. Why, one thinks of nothing else while on the links! And then, the constant exercise——"

"Exercise!" said Bobby. "There ain't any exercise in golf!"

"Excuse me," said the young doctor, "but I thought you didn't know anything about the game?"

"I didn't this morning," said Bobby. "But I know all about it now."

"You do?" inquired Doctor Simmons with a satirical smile. "You must have made very rapid progress."

"Yes, I did," Bobby answered very coolly. "I thought it was time I found out what you two cranks were up to, and so I went over to the links this morning."

Here Gwendolen began to look uneasy.

"Bobby, dear," she said, "you mustn't talk so much at the table."

But Bobby ignored her. "Yes," he went on, "I thought I'd like to know something about the old game, and so I've been talking to your caddie."

❧

"To Benny Jones?" asked Doctor Simmons, frowning at Bobby.

"Yes," said Bobby gleefully, "and he explained the whole game to me."

"Mother," exclaimed Gwendolen, "won't you ring for the coffee? It seems very warm in here."

I was surprised to see that both Gwendolen and Doctor Simmons seemed disinclined to pursue the subject of Bobby's rapid acquirement of golf. For my part, it seemed immensely amusing, and I endeavored to lead him on. He was only too ready.

"Come, Bobby," I said encouragingly, "let us hear Benny Jones' account of the game."

"Well," said Bobby, "here's what he said. 'There's a lot of kinds of golf,' says Benny. 'Yes?' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'There's golf golf, and there's dude golf.' 'Oh,' says I; 'and which kind does Doctor Simmons play?' 'Oh, he plays dude golf,' says Benny."

"Father," Gwendolen exclaimed hastily, "I do hope——"

"Nonsense," I said, laughing. "Let's hear the caddie's side of it. You and the doctor have held the field long enough. Go on, Bobby."

To my surprise, Doctor Simmons and Gwendolen seemed really annoyed, but I was resolved not to mind their silly sensitiveness.

And Bobby went on:

"'What's dude golf?' I asked Benny. And Benny he says, 'Why, you get your best girl, and you holds her hand to show her how to drive, and you holds her hand to show her how to put, and you comes to a nice shady place, and you sits down and talks for two hours while the caddie whistles and his feet get asleep, and——'"

But I saw that I had made an awful mistake. Luckily we had finished our coffee, and at this moment my wife rose hastily, and in a moment Bobby and I were left alone.

With masterly skill I suppressed the rest of Bobby's story, and turned the conversation to his last school report—which soon repressed any tendency to further conversation on his part. As soon as possible I sent Bobby to bed.

❧

When I "joined the ladies" Doctor Simmons was gone, and Gwendolen and her mother were evidently too deeply engaged in conversation to be interrupted. I merely mentioned in passing that I had some writing to do, and betook myself to my study.

When alone I drew up a report of the occurrence and made formal application to the Association of American Humorists for a pension for Bobby as The Big Sister's Little Brother. My application was successful, and Bobby's future is provided for.

My interview next day with Doctor Simmons was also very pleasant, and I have no doubt that the young couple will be very happy—so the Big Sister's future is also assured.

KOTEDSILK

UNDERWEAR

For Men and Women

Made of PURE SILK and the finest EGYPTIAN COTTON

Silk to Soothe the Skin | Cotton to Stand the Wear

KOTEDSILK

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

ON EVERY GARMENT

All garments are made under the most APPROVED SANITARY CONDITIONS, in the firm's own mills, and of the best materials.

KOTEDSILK garments are perfect in shape, and as they do not shrink, a snug fit may be purchased. Union suits are particularly desirable for the same reason.

Men's Shirts,	34-44,	$2.50	each	Ladies' Vests,	26-40,	$2.50	each
" Drawers,	28-44,	2.50	"	" Drawers,	26-40,	2.50	"
" Union Suits,	34-44,	5.00	"	" Union Suits,	26-40,	5.00	"
" Undervests,	34-44,	2.00	"	" Underwaists,	26-40,	2.00	"
Ladies' Short Underskirts,		24-32 waist, $2.50					

If your dealer can't supply you, we will. Express Prepaid

SEND FOR BOOKLET

KOTEDSILK UNDERWEAR COMPANY

Millbury, Mass.

and 76 Leonard Street, New York City

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Every Home, School and Office should own

Webster's International Dictionary

of ENGLISH, Biography, Geography, Fiction, etc.

STANDARD AUTHORITY of the U. S. Supreme Court, all the State Supreme Courts, the U. S. Government Printing Office, and of nearly all the Schoolbooks. WARMLY COMMENDED by State Superintendents of Schools, College Presidents, and other Educators almost without number.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY with a Valuable Glossary of Scotch Words and Phrases.

A NEW BOOK, the largest of the abridgments of the International. It has a sizable vocabulary, complete definitions and adequate etymologies. Has over 1100 pages and is richly illustrated. Its appendix is a storehouse of valuable information.

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

Specimen pages, etc., of both books sent on application.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

The Only Machine

The only machine ever invented which will add all the columns at one time by the simple touching of keys, and nothing more.

The only machine ever invented which multiplies and divides by automatic keys.

Absolute accuracy and twice as quick as the best accountant.

No lever to operate. Nothing to do but touch the keys. Simple, light, compact, durable.

A bookkeeper's or engineer's time is too valuable to be spent on mental computing when he can do the work on the Comptometer in much less time and with absolute accuracy.

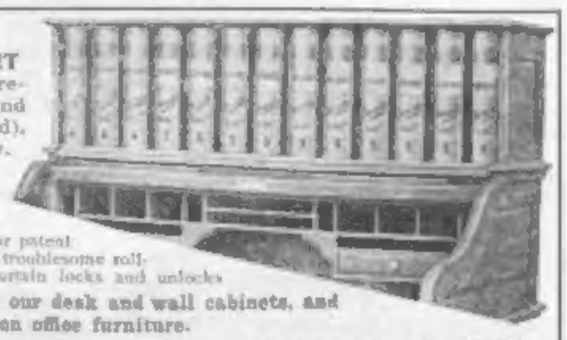
Write for Pamphlet

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO.

52 to 56 Illinois Street, - CHICAGO, U. S. A.

$10.00 buys this fine 12-case Security FILING CABINET (patented) direct from the factory, freight prepaid to any point east of the Mississippi and north of South Carolina (more distant points equalized). To be returned at our expense if not entirely satisfactory.

This Cabinet has paneled ends of quarter-sawed oak, oiled and hand polished; panel back and top of selected white oak, and twelve extra-strong filing cases, large enough for legal cap paper. The only filing system not requiring transfer cases—a great saving. It is fitted with our patent locking device—a turn locking or unlocking all the cases. No troublesome roll-front needed. Attached to a desk, lowering and raising the curtain locks and unlocks the cabinet automatically.



Send for catalogue describing our desk and wall cabinets, and giving factory-to-user prices on office furniture.

FASOLDT BROTHERS, 45 Division Street, - GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.